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Historic Towns

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Historic Towns

WINCHESTER

BY

G. W. KITCHIN, D.D., F.S.A.

DEAN OF WINCHESTER

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PREFACE.

WITHIN the narrow limits of this little book it has not been possible to do full justice to the most historic of English cities. The many traces of Roman occupation, discovered only by the spade, are left uninterpreted; the relations of Wessex and its capital with the other kingdoms of early England, are treated only in outline; the position of Winchester as capital of England, and even, under the Danes, as the chief seat of a Scandinavian empire, can merely be indicated. Very pleasant it would have been to work out in detail the domestic life of our civic ancestors; or to trace the gigantic commerce of England to its sources, which are indicated by the standards of coin and weight and capacity kept for centuries in the royal city; or to sketch the coming and going of kings and statesmen, churchmen and men of learning, who thronged our streets in the days when the monarchs 'wore their crown' in state in Winchester at the Easter Festival. The place teems with picturesque tradition and anecdote; it has its own art and literature; Church authority,

feudal custom, royal lordship, and civic liberties here for ages have jostled one another, struggling for foothold. The more these things crowd in on the mind, the less satisfied must we become with any attempt to do justice to them.

This little book tries only to draw with rapid strokes the outline of the city's growth, down to the time of its highest honour under Henry I.; it then traces, almost as briefly, the gradual and steady descent of the city to its present position as one of the smaller towns of England. Time was when Winchester more than rivalled London; for centuries she was but little behind the more favoured capital. The receding tide has left her strewn with many relics of those days. The ground plan of the city still recalls the Roman camp; the great Hall of the Castle, now but a *salle des pas perdus* to the Law Courts of the county, enshrines the memories of royal banquets, of state trials, and of early councils and Parliaments; the College, where troops of modest manly youths, by cheerful industry and wholesome life, bear daily witness to the wisdom and piety of their founder, still holds a notable place in the annals of English education; the Cathedral is eloquent of a thousand noble memories; the Wolvesey ruins remind us of that proud castle-builder, Henry of Blois, who thought the Winchester bishopric so rich and important that he dreamt of raising it to a level with the venerable mother-church of Canterbury. All these things, which

still remain in tranquil suggestiveness, conscious of a very different past, attest the intimate union which has been between Winchester and all that was noblest in the earlier history of our country.

To those who may think that too much space is given to old times and not enough to the fortunes of the city in later days, I can only plead that the history of Winchester must mainly be a history of the far past, and that much detail as to the affairs of the city during the last two hundred years would be out of proportion with the character of the place. Seven years hence will come the thousandth anniversary of the recorded death of a Wicgerefa, or town-reeve, of Winchester, so that the city has had a settled government for a millennium; five years ago the civic authorities, rightly or not, commemorated with laudable enthusiasm the seven hundredth anniversary of the mayoralty; and in 1893 the Cathedral will be able to hold high festival, because it was consecrated eight hundred years before, in 1093, by Bishop Walkelin. Such memories make us understand how completely Winchester is a city not of modern but of ancient days.

Those who would look more thoroughly than we have here been able to do into the minute life of the city will soon have their opportunity, when the long-expected volume of Winchester documents, to be edited by Mr. F. J. Baigent, has seen the light. For an interesting collection of the many incidents, royal and

other, which belong to us, my readers have only to turn to the pleasant pages of 'Historic Winchester.'

For myself, I can only claim that I have constructed this little volume almost entirely from original authorities, not unfrequently making use of documents which have never hitherto seen the light. The result is, perhaps, small and weak when compared with the labour expended on it: such as it is, I offer it to the world as my poor tribute to the little city of which all Englishmen may well be proud—a city which wins the undying affections of those who dwell under the influence of her charm, within the circuit of her ancient walls.

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WINCHESTER

CHAPTER I.

WINCHESTER TO THE DEATH OF EGBERT, A.D. 836.

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THE early history of Winchester, bound up as it is with the whole story of the growth of England, can be discerned only by the evidence of the spade. A few relics tell us that some Celtic tribe once occupied the Itchen Valley, and protected it with a white circular work, which, though now overgrown with grass, still hangs boldly, like a necklace, round the shoulders of St. Catherine's Hill; a few cairns on the downs show that men there fought and died in prehistoric days. The city's name no doubt preserves in its first syllable the ancient British 'Gwent,' afterwards Latinised into Venta.

Even as to Roman days history is still silent. The

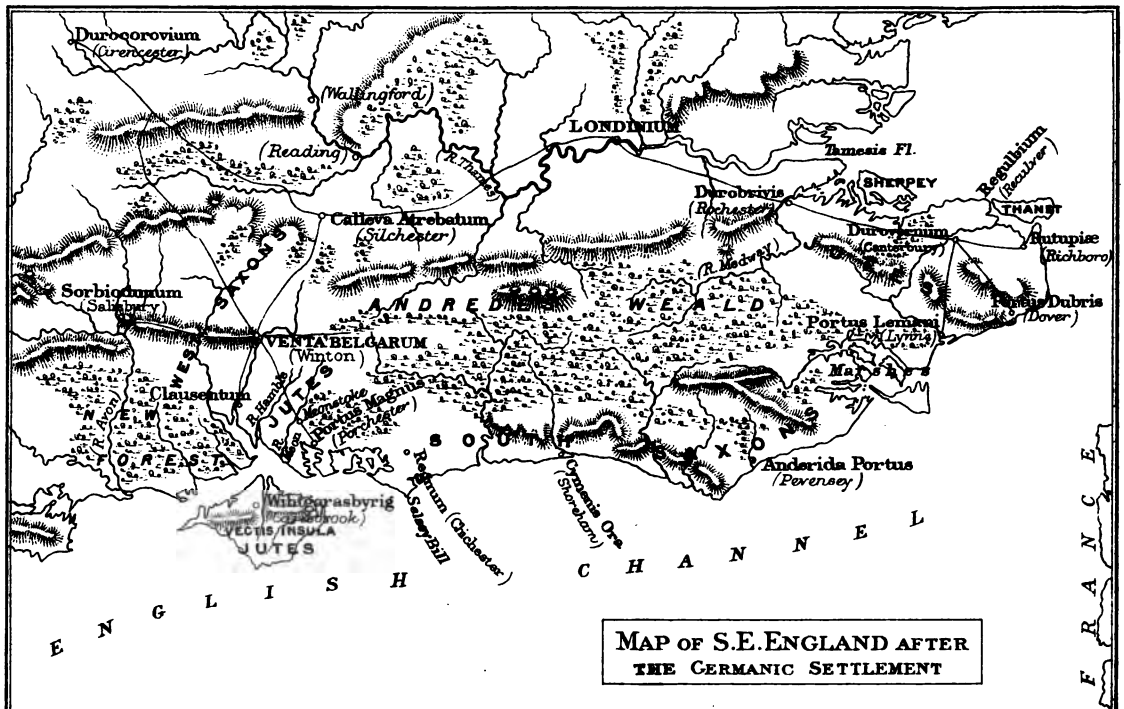
first reference to the city in Latin is to be found in Bede, who, speaking of the reign of Cenwalh, about 660, says that its Germanic name was 'Vintanceaster.' The fact however of the Roman occupation is amply proved by spade and pick, which give us coins of the third and fourth centuries, vases and utensils, and portions of tessellated pavements; we can also appeal to the late-Norman walls of Wolvesey, where we find, embedded in Henry of Blois' work, the drums of many Roman columns, and large quantities of Roman bricks. Above all, the six Roman roads, which radiate like spokes of a wheel from the city gates, prove that Venta Belgarum was an important centre, whence the imperial power pushed outwards till it met a similar advance from other centres, such as London, or Salisbury, or Cirencester.

The geographical characteristics of the district are also helpful. The dominant feature of the south coast in early times was the woodland stretching almost from Dover to the borders of Somerset. The Andredesweald extended nearly from the Weald of Kent to Winchester; then, after a gap, came what was afterwards called the New Forest. Only where the broad estuary of Southampton Water divided the tangled woodlands, and along the River Itchen, was there any break in the forest. About twelve miles up the valley a long range of chalk downs, comparatively bare, crosses the river's course, and the traveller finds himself in a broad upland district, treeless and rather barren, spreading away for miles to the north. Even now if anyone lands at the head of the tidal waters just below Bishopstoke, and looks northwards from a rising ground, he will

see well-wooded slopes stretching away to right and left, while at the head, apparently, of the valley, just beyond where Winchester lies hidden in the lower ground, he will discern an open breadth of country, which seems to invite him onwards into the heart of England. And this, we may well believe, is just what the Roman saw. The invader, after long coasting, came to the landlocked waters which lie behind Hayling Island, to the Solent, protected by the Isle of Wight, and to Southampton Water. In the Isle of Wight, safe home for those who commanded the sea, and on a projecting tongue of land in the sheltered waters behind the island on which stands the modern group of towns commonly called Portsmouth, the Romans occupied sites accessible and safe. But *Portus Magnus*, now Porchester, was a poor starting-point; the escarpment of the downs and the formidable wood beyond were a real barrier to advance. So the invaders took once more to the water, and, sailing round to Southampton, made another camp at Clausentum, which is said to be at the modern Bitterne. Then they went up with the tide, and along the little river Itchen, past British Twyford, where a Druidic circle stood on the site of the present parish church, and so forward till they reached a fastness on the eastern hill, a circular chalk-down standing boldly out into the valley. Here, probably, after a first tussle with the natives, they occupied their strong camp. Just beyond this hill, later called St. Catherine's, where the valley is at the narrowest and the western downs slope gently to the river, and the bluff of St. Giles's Hill on the eastern side overlooks the stream, there stood a British hut-village, a

'town' of the Belgæ. Here the Romans determined to make their settlement, from which they might advance in every direction. This new Venta Belgarum became Winchester, the capital of the South of England.

Their settlement had the ground plan of an oblong rectangular Roman camp; the base to the east, rested on the river, and the main thoroughfare, still the High Street of the city, bisected it from Eastgate to Westgate; at right angles with that street ran a main intersecting road from Southgate to Northgate. More than three-fourths of the town lie to the eastward of this road; an unequal division caused by the wish to keep the main highway from Clausentum clear of the swampy ground below. Of the four divisions of the city the two south of High Street were the most important. The law tribunals were in the upper or south-western quarter, and in the lower the temples of the gods, the chief dwellings, and the headquarters of the army. The West-Saxon kings did but follow the Roman lead when they built their palace above and reared the chief church below. The four gates of the city were the ports of a Roman camp; thence issued forth their straight roads, symbols of Roman energy and directness. Six of these roads radiate out in every direction from Winchester. Through Northgate went the ways to Silchester, London, and Cirencester; through Westgate a smaller highway towards Sarum; through Southgate the great highroad to Clausentum; and through Eastgate passed the road to Portus Magnus. A sixth way, after sweeping round the steep front of St. Giles's Hill, strikes off due east for about five miles, after which it is completely lost. It looks as if the Romans



MAP OF S.E. ENGLAND AFTER THE GERMANIC SETTLEMENT

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Edwd. Weller. lith.

had tried to open direct communication landwards with Dover or Lymne, as a second or safer route for their armies and supplies, but had been compelled to give way before the difficulty of building and defending their 'street' through a hundred and twenty miles of tangled wood filled with lurking and implacable foes.

In this camp-city the Romans set themselves to make conquest of the South of England. Here they have no history; for Winchester has no record of her own, until, in the seventh century, Birinus, the Italian monk-bishop, converted the West-Saxon pagans, and brought to them, as settlers and teachers, a little band of Benedictines, skilled in the practical rudiments of civilization, good with pen and voice, and conscious of the value of time and life, and of higher interests and occupations than those of war and the chase.

The one thing that is clear as to the earliest Germanic occupation of Hampshire, is that the tribe abandoned its ancient village system, and the custom of settling down in scattered 'hams,' homes, or clusters of cottages, all over the country-parts; for they took possession of the fortified city on the Itchen, and made it their headquarters and place of defence. It is probable that the pressure of hostile neighbours and the poverty of the soil led to this remarkable departure from their customs. For the Gewissas had to secure their foothold and to protect themselves against the Britons, whose safe refuges were hard at hand to right and left in the woodlands: and the walls of the Roman city were a real protection. In fact, they spent a century under their shelter, struggling for existence; and probably during that time swept away from Winchester almost

every vestige of Roman civilization and of the earlier Christian Church. For there is no sign that when Birinus came men had any knowledge of it; the Roman Church had long disappeared; and the British Church had perhaps never had much hold on the Celtic population, and was driven towards the west.

The English Chronicle, which for these early days gives fact and fable with equal brevity, tells that the 'twain aldermen' Cerdic and Cymric became lords of the West, until in 534 Cerdic died and was buried at Winchester. The shadowy reigns of his successors at Winchester have but a faint outline of historic fact; they fight with Briton or Jute, and slowly secure their power; that is all we know, till early in the seventh century Cynegils suddenly steps forth into the light: light comes to Wessex when Christ's Gospel dawns, and Birinus connects the rude Germanic tribesmen with the civilized life of Christendom.

With the first breath of Christ's religion, like silent strings touched by the wind, history begins to speak in low mysterious tones. We do not know whether the Germans, when they occupied Venta, found the Celtic people still there; probably the Britons, with their Church, had entirely disappeared, and the city lay in ruins. Had there been any vigorous Christian life there, we should surely have found some note of it, when at last Latin Christianity took the place of West-Saxon paganism. As it was, Birinus came in contact only with heathenism. In 634 he was sent by Pope Honorius to evangelize southern and western England. At first he aimed at Mercia, but finding the Gewissas 'all,' says Bede, 'most pagan folk,' he deemed it best

first to convert them, so as not to leave such stark unbelievers in his rear. And this he did so well that in the next year he baptized Cynegils and his son Cenwalh, with many of their chiefs. This took place at Dorchester on the Thames, where Oswald, the Northumbrian king, was present, perhaps acting as over-lord; and the two princes placed Birinus at Dorchester, as Bishop of the West Saxons. The Winchester Annals, written centuries later, explain this by saying that it was only done 'till Cynegils could build in the royal city a temple worthy of so great a priest.' The truth is that Oswald and Cynegils having agreed to partition Mercia between them, Dorchester was likely to be more central for the southern kingdom than Winchester. And when in later days the kings of Wessex saw no prospect of an extension northwards, they drew back from Dorchester, and transferred the 'Bishopstool' under Hædda in 676 to Winchester.

Still, though Winchester did not as yet contain the 'Bishopstool,' it certainly was the king's city; Cenwalh built the church, the parent of Winchester cathedral, and under its walls nestled a monastic House. The monks at once set themselves to ennoble toil, to wed tillage with culture; and it is interesting to note that the first endowment of the Church in Wessex fell to them in the form of a great grant of all the land for some leagues around the city, given for the building of the church. This was given by Cynegils, and later confirmed by Cenwalh; and some of these estates remain to the present day, after a lapse of nigh twelve centuries and a half, in the hands of the Dean and Chapter of Winchester.

Of Cenwalh's building no vestige remains; we may safely assume that it stood on the site of the earlier Roman church. The very ancient well, lately reopened in the cathedral crypt, is older than the present Norman church, and may, not improbably, mark the site of the original Roman baptistery. If so, the earliest church occupied the site afterwards covered by Bishop Walkelin's Lady Chapel, and we may venture to think that the present cathedral stands over the very spot originally hallowed by St. Birinus to the worship of God, and in honour of St. Peter and St. Paul.

During this early time, though the little West-Saxon capital grew in consideration, the Bishop's see was at a distance, and episcopacy seemed very feeble to the English. The bishops of the Germans were foreigners from Italy or Gaul; the British bishops were of no account. We see this in the action of Cenwalh, who, speaking only Germanic speech, grew weary of the 'barbarous jargon' (as Bede styles the tongue of Bishop Ægelbyrht) and brought in another bishop, Wini, who had been consecrated in Gaul, and settled him at Winchester. Ægelbyrht, however, was offended, withdrew, and died Bishop of Paris. His nephew Eleutherius, or Hlothar, whom he sent over to England, was consecrated by Theodore of Tarsus as last bishop at Dorchester; in 676 his successor, Hædda, carrying the bones of St. Birinus, migrated to Winchester; the age of foreign bishops was over. His successor, Bishop Daniel, was founder of the Winchester school of learned men; he was the friend of Bede and of the great Winfrid.

The greatness of Wessex however does not begin

till, in 802, Egbert came to the throne. As Ætheling, or prince, he had been a refugee at the court of Charles the Great, who taught him much that afterwards stood him in good stead. His reign is an epoch in English history; for during it the supremacy was transferred from Northumbria or Mercia to Wessex, and Winchester quickly rose to eminence. The chronicler of the city regards Egbert, and rightly, as a national hero: he is styled 'rex totius Britanniæ,' the 'eighth Bretwalda,' or ruler over the whole island. It was in 827 or 828, according to the annalist (who, we must not forget, wrote centuries later), that he returned in triumph to Winchester, and summoned thither the chief men of the states subject to him, and proclaimed his own over-lordship over the different states. The city had already some kind of municipal government; for among the magnates who died in 897 the English Chronicle names 'Beornulf, Wicgerefa of Winteceastre,' who must have been to the town what the sheriff was to the shire, a royal officer named by the king, holding his law courts and special jurisdiction within the city.

In 836 King Egbert died; his bones are said still to lie in one of the beautiful chests on the choir-screen of the Cathedral. In his day, though the dark cloud was on the horizon, Winchester had taken no harm from the Northern invader. She was not destined long to enjoy her immunity.

CHAPTER II.

ÆTHELWULF AND ALFRED, A.D. 836–901.

Æthelwulf's early training—Effects of Norse invasion on fortunes of Winchester—St. Swithun's influence and character—The struggle under Æthelwulf's sons—Alfred resists alone—'Peace of Wedmore'—Winchester under him the seat of learning—His death—The new buildings in the city.

THE outlook for the West-Saxon monarchy seemed very gloomy when on Egbert's death the Witan chose as successor his son Æthelwulf, then a monk, sub-deacon in St. Swithun's minster. No one could have foreseen that this unlikely training would produce a prince in some respects worthy of his father. He bore through life traces of his monastic beginnings, though they did not cloud the glory of his vigorous reign.

Thanks to his resistance, Winchester became the chief city of England; for while the other kingdoms went down before the Northern pirates, Wessex still stood its ground. It was farther off from the main points of attack, and had the incalculable advantage of a succession of capable kings, Egbert, Æthelwulf, Alfred, and Edward the Elder. So well did they their work, that when at last the Scandinavian power reached its height, and all England fell into King Cnut's hands,

Winchester became the seat and capital of the new Scandinavian empire.

The Northmen had long been the scourge of other parts, when at last they began to touch Winchester. In the year after Egbert's death they sailed up to Southampton, but did not penetrate so far as the capital; a little later Winchester was threatened from the other side; a 'sea-host' landed in the valley of the Thames, and was met by Æthelwulf at Ockley in Surrey, and beaten back. This victory stamped the King of Wessex as the strongest man in England; he was guided by the kindly and sagacious Swithun, and was also connected with the Roman Court, where Pope Leo IV. 'took his son Alfred (then four years old) to bishop's-son'—that is, confirmed him—and 'hallowed him to king,' a solemn opening to so great a life. During his visit to Rome he took pity as he went on the crowds of English who, in course of their penance, 'naked and in chains,' were struggling miserably towards the imperial city, and so dealt with the Pope that by promising the tribute of Peter's pence, he obtained for his countrymen a relaxation of this severer penance. He also, in 854 or 855, made his famous 'Donation' to the Church, in which, as the Chronicle phrases it, 'he booked (gebocade) the tenth part of his lands to God's praise and his own eternal welfare'; this deed was written at Winchester, and laid solemnly on the high altar in the Cathedral church in presence of Swithun and the Witan. By this gift Æthelwulf hoped to secure for the church centres of religious life and missionary work throughout his kingdom; it was not, as some have thought, a gift of tithe, but of a tenth of

the capital, that is, of the land itself, not of its produce. The original charter is in the British Museum, and one of the special grants to the convent of St. Swithun is still in the Cathedral Library at Winchester. It begins by saying that Æthelwulf had granted twenty manses of land at Wenbeorgan (or Hynyton) 'at the time when I had decided to grant the tenth of my lands throughout my realm to the sacred churches.'

We have few notices of St. Swithun during his lifetime; after his death, thanks to the exigencies of legend-makers, we hear only too much about him; for he has been vulgarized into a commonplace worker of marvels. Still, we can trace in him some very lovable qualities—a simple piety, unaffected and true; a genial and friendly spirit; a constructive capacity, evidenced by his bridge at the foot of the city. He is also said to have induced Æthelbald, son of Æthelwulf, and the monks to build a strong wall of defence around the precinct of the cathedral, and on the foundations of that wall, now over a thousand years old, the present Close-wall is reared. It is probable that this wall in 860 saved the monastery; for in that year the Danes were ravaging and plundering the city, though we do not read that they harried the minster. He may have also built the outer wall of Wolvesey Castle, the south-eastern defence of the city, for a part of that wall still shows 'long and short' masonry, herringbone flint-work, and many Roman bricks are built into it. Beside all this, the kindly saint had gifts of influence and teaching; the youth of the great Alfred was spent at Winchester under his eye, and some of the nobility of his character was no doubt drawn out by his aged friend.

The Danish scourge of England had some salutary effects. Before Egbert there had been a miserable balance of power, each feeble kingdom striving with its neighbours: but when the Danish invasions pressed more and more, Wessex grew to be the champion of them all. For the ruin of the North made Wessex the sole remaining home of the civilized life of the land. Happily for Wessex and for England, the greatest of English kings succeeded to the throne at the most critical moment. Æthelwulf left behind him four sons; ere long the eldest and the second died, and Æthelred and Alfred, the survivors, undertook the life and death struggle with the Danes. At the urgent prayer of Burghræd of Mercia they led the Wessex 'fyrd,' the national militia, as far as Nottingham. Here, however, they learnt how hollow the Mercian alliance was; for, as the Chronicle says, 'here no heavy fight took place, and the Mercians made peace with the host.' Henceforth Wessex strove alone, and in the hottest of the strife, in 871, Ethelred died, leaving Alfred only to defend the all but ruined kingdom. Alfred's heroism, his stubborn faith in a lost cause, his high nobility of nature, which shone alike in victory or rout, carried him unscathed through eight years of war to a settled peace in 878. This was the famous compact of Chippenham in Wiltshire, under which Guthorm, who promised to become Christian, agreed to divide England with the young King of Wessex.

By this 'Peace of Wedmore' all England was cut into two parts, Wessex and the Danelaw, by a line running from the Thames just below London in a north-north-west direction to Chester, and, as an immediate

consequence, Winchester rose at once to be the capital city of the English people. Wessex kept all the west and south-west, till it reached the Celtic lands, and received, besides, a large portion of Mercia; it retained also the over-lordship of Kent and Sussex. And at Winchester for eighteen tranquil years King Alfred ruled, giving to the English such impulse in good government and law, in arts of peace and war, as made his reign for ever famous, and gave especial lustre to the city in which all these good things were worked out. Under Alfred's fostering care Winchester became the home of all the learning and the arts known in that day, and rivalled the earlier splendour of the court of Charles the Great at Aachen. Here it was that the king, with rare genius and foresight, guided and himself took part in the composition of those literary efforts which began the development of the English mind and language. Himself not merely director, but head workman, he threw into his English writings the freshness of his own high spiritual nature. Not only in his free and vigorous translations—one to guide the civil life of his people, another to give them the consolations of religious philosophy, another to enlarge their horizon as to the dimensions of the known world—but above all in his greatest work, the Chronicle, that mother of the English literary language, we discern the sure mark of originality and power. And it is a source of legitimate pride for Winchester, that within her walls Alfred made this first and greatest history-book of the English people. At Wolvesey Castle, with the help of the brethren of St. Swithun's convent, the earlier part of the book was compiled and copied, an annalist's simple record of

facts down to the time of contemporary history. Copies of this earliest part were sent to different places; one to the Scriptorium at Burh or Peterborough, another to the monks of Christchurch in Canterbury, and elsewhere; the mother-manuscript being kept at Wolvesey, fastened to a desk by a chain, that all who would and could might read it, as it grew from year to year. This very manuscript, it is said, may still be seen in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. For about twenty years this copy of the Chronicle was written by the king himself, his contributions reaching to the year 891. In it we have the first vernacular history of a Teutonic people; there is nothing like it in Germany or in Scandinavia, or among the Low-Dutch. As we read it we stand at the fountain-head of a literature, which in breadth, extent, and splendour of masterpieces, is surpassed by none. The Peterborough copy, which was carried on till 1154, and then dies out in the middle of a sentence, was the little runnel through which our mother-tongue was safely conveyed through the wilderness of the Norman oppression.

It was from Winchester also that Alfred set in motion his many plans for the benefit of his people. Here he issued the West-Saxon 'laga,' the new code of Wessex law, the often-mentioned Domboc, or book of laws; here, too, he is said to have made some fresh distribution of land, and perhaps rearranged the counties and hundreds. Moreover, he is said to have collected facts at Winchester from every quarter, which he embodied in a first 'Liber de Winton,' the earliest Doomsday Book. This register, it is recorded, was kept among the royal archives of Winchester, until

rendered useless, as men thought, by William's more complete royal Roll, it was lost or destroyed.

To Winchester came the learned from every quarter; hither at last Alfred tempted the reluctant St. Grimbald, prior of St. Bertin's in Picardy, holding out to him, as a kind of bait, the promise of a new minster in the capital. Hither, too, came John the priest, a man of great learning and skill in the arts; Asser also, Alfred's friend and biographer, who tells us how earnestly the king laboured to secure him at court, and how he was laid up for a year and a week by fever within the walls of Winchester. The Chronicle also gives a graphic account of the arrival of a little company of learned men from Ireland in 891. 'Three Scots came to Alfred king, in a boat without oars or rowers, from Hibernia, whence they stole away, because they desired for God's love to be in foreign parts, they cared not where. Their boat was made of two skins and a half, and they took with them food for a sen-night. And about the seventh night came they to Cornwall to land, and thence they went up to Alfred king. And their names were Dubslane, Maccbethu, and Maelinnum.' For Alfred made his palace at Winchester the centre of all the learning of the age, the home of all the learned, and the little city may well be proud of its place as mother of the intellectual life of the English people.

Alfred's constructive and practical gifts were no less marked. He built ships of a new type to meet the Dane, and with them fought his famous sea-fight in the Solent. Two of the pirate vessels were unable to keep the sea, and their shipwrecked crews were taken to

Winchester before the king, and summarily judged and hanged.

With these grim Northern pirates hanging over Wolvesey wall the long tale of the life-struggle of Alfred ends; for now he had won four years of peace and rest before his death in 901. They buried him, as was fitting, in the Old Minster; but, unfortunately, the fear of his greatness was too strong, and the story runs that the canons of the church, scared, and affirming that his ghost walked and gave them no peace, besought his son Edward to transfer him to the New Minster, then building. Thence, when in 1110 that monastery was removed to Hyde, the bones were also taken away and reburied in the new Abbey church. Lastly, in the eighteenth century, when the remains of Hyde Abbey were pulled down by the corporation of Winchester, in order that a Bridewell might be built on their site, the bones of this noblest of English kings disappeared for ever.

Beyond the general benefits which Alfred conferred on the country, Winchester received no small advancement at his hands. As the kingdom became more settled the capital grew and flourished. Alfred founded the New Minster in the open churchyard on the north side of St. Swithun's Church, and also built St. Mary's Abbey, the 'Nunna-minster,' to the north-east of the Old Minster. New Minster and Nun's Minster are now both so completely swept away that of the former no trace at all remains, while of the latter the site alone is still commemorated by the names the 'Abbey Passage,' the 'Abbey House,' and the 'Abbey Mill,' the mill attached to the Nunnery lying just below its walls.

These three minsters, which filled up the south-eastern corner of the city, were for long the finest group of churches and dwellings in all England. Wolvesey Palace, at once the school, the court of justice, and the royal dwelling-place, formed the bulwark against the dreaded invasions of the Dane; inwards from Wolvesey precincts came the strong enclosure of St. Swithun's Convent, a second fortress, which protected the church; and behind both, sheltered by their strong walls and by the river and the marshlands to the north, were the growing buildings of the Nun's Minster and the New Minster. And up the rising ground towards the west, on either side of the ancient Roman road from the eastward gate of the city, the houses of the citizens began to cluster into a street, with here or there a stone-built dwelling, and the rest made of that 'wattle and dab' construction of which from time to time examples are still laid bare in the city. Stone was very costly; for though a hard chalk could be dug out of the downs it was of little avail for exposed walls, and the stone used for the churches and monastic buildings had to be brought in barges either from the well-known Binstead quarries, in the neighbourhood of Quarr Abbey in the Isle of Wight, or even farther, from Portland.

CHAPTER III.

THE GROWTH OF ENGLAND, WITH WINCHESTER AS CAPITAL, A.D. 901–940.

Edward the Elder—St. Grimbald at Winchester—Fortunes of Edward's children—Reign of Æthelstan—His relics at Winchester.

No sooner had Edward the Elder been crowned, than he made a noble addition to the glories of his capital. At the Council of 901, held in Winchester, Grimbald urged the young king to carry out his father's promises; and Edward at once consented, and completed the New Minster, in the space between St. Swithun's Church and the High Street of the city. Hither at once came a throng of men, women, and children from the Ponthieu district, flying from a Danish raid, and bringing with them the bones of their own saint, St. Jodocus or Josse, round whose shrine they 'swarmed like bees about their queen.' The saint was at once admitted into Grimbald's church, where his shrine became a centre of devotion and miracle. This second minster, side by side with the Cathedral church, was an example of an arrangement of twin minsters within the walls, rarely seen in England; and, indeed, it did not last, for jealousies and difficulties broke out, and in the end the New

Minster was moved elsewhere. Alfred may have aimed at having one church as 'bishopstool,' and the other as the seat of learning; later on the minsters took opposite sides in the period of the Norman Conquest.

Edward almost immediately entered on his memorable struggle with the Danish power, and, ably supported by his sister, the Lady of the Mercians, advanced into the very heart of the Danelaw, fortifying critical points, and never receding. After a long contest the Scots and Northumbrians and Strathclyde Welsh submitted in 924, and the Danish advance was checked for a century. But ere King Edward could show what he was worth in times of peace, he died, and was buried in 925 beside his father in the New Minster; thence his remains also were moved to Hyde Abbey, and disappeared also with his father's bones, when the ruins of that famous house were swept away.

The fortunes of his children show how great was his repute. Of his sons, four wore the crown, while his daughters made splendid matches out of England, with the exception of those who embraced the religious life. Of Eadburh, one of his three nun-daughters, the Hyde Chronicler tells a little tale, to the effect that, while still in her nurse's arms, she looked on bracelets and necklaces on one side, and chalices and a book of the gospels on the other, things laid before her for choice, and that without hesitation she chose the religious rather than the worldly symbols, and so unconsciously devoted herself to the cloister. The legend perhaps indicates that art dedicated to the service of the church was already in advance of art applied to secular uses, and that the child's choice may really have been not

a divine instinct, but an actual preference for the more beautiful.

We may imagine that in the negotiations for the marriages of Edward's other daughters Winchester must have been visited by many a foreign clerk and envoy, men who came, not as in the days of Edward the Confessor or Henry III. to seize all they could get, but to promote peace and good will between the English folk and the Franks, who were now spreading over all the lands bordering on the Channel. For a short time it looked as if the English race would grow strong enough to defy the Danes. Such appearances were, however, delusive; for, though in England and in central Europe the Danish power seemed to have grown smaller, it was because far off in Scandinavia men were too busy forming the great consolidated monarchies to be able for the time to attend to matters at a distance. The rebound came in due course, when Swein and Cnut his son poured all the force of Denmark into England, and fixed the seat of their new monarchy at Winchester.

Some reflection of Edward's glory rested on Æthelstan, his son, 'the golden-haired grandson of Alfred.' Although we see this splendid personage chiefly through the glamour of legendary lore, we can discern a triumphant warrior at Brunanburh, a strong lawgiver and administrator, who made peace and kept order, a collector of splendid art-work and of sacred relics, things which lingered for long ages afterwards in Winchester. Above all, we see in him the beginnings of that imperial idea which floated so long before the eyes of the rulers of England. He reigned over vassal-kings, and paid no

homage to any save to God. Though this was real enough, his capital, Winchester, is visible to us solely in legend. Here the impossible Guy of Warwick, that English David, slew Colbrand, champion of the Danes, and with a Danish axe cut off the giant's head, and brought head and axe in triumph into the city. Trussell, whose facts are usually rather legendary, following Rudborne, says that 'Kolbrond's ax was kept in the Cathedral vestry till the time of James I.' If so, it did not survive the Great Rebellion. In these days, too, the good St. Frithstan, who, after his resignation of the bishopric, used to wander daily with prayers and hymns round the churchyard of the minsters, heard one evening, as he closed his orisons with the wonted 'Æternam pacem dona eis, Domine,' a muttered sound beneath his feet, which grew and grew, till with a roll like thunder all the countless dead, each in his resting-place, replied, and murmured forth his faint Amen.

And perhaps the most curious record of Æthelstan is the list of his relics at Winchester. Here was the famed sword of Constantine, with one of the four nails from the Cross embedded in it in thick plates of gold; and the lance of Charles the Great, which claimed to be the very spear with which the side of Christ was pierced; and many another relic of the hallowed past, which made his treasury splendid and wealthy, as became the 'rex gloriosus.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE MONASTIC REVIVAL, A.D. 940–975.

Influence of St. Dunstan at Winchester—State of the Benedictine Houses—Æthelwold, Bishop of Winchester, reforms the Minsters with monks for canons—His principles—Incidents of the struggle—Edgar's Charter of 966—The system at work—The new Cathedral—Organ—A wonder-working Saint—Translation of St. Swithun—His fame and miracles—Winchester and London as commercial centres.

ÆTHELSTAN bade farewell to all his treasures in 940, just three years before the striking figure of Dunstan comes into sight, and gives the first notice of that movement which has led modern writers to call the coming century 'the age of the bishops.' Two marked tendencies appear side by side—an enlarged idea of kingship, and a consciousness of the moral and political importance of the episcopate; Æthelstan indicates the one, Dunstan the other. For a time, however, monarchy receded; and the weaker kings who succeeded gave Dunstan his opportunity; Edmund the Elder and Edred, Milner's 'pious King Edred,' who died quite young, sheltered themselves under Dunstan's wing, and Edred was entombed in Winchester Cathedral by the great prelate. The monastic annalists, grateful for their strong friend, ever blacken the characters of Dunstan's opponents and magnify his friends.

We get a curious glimpse of Dunstan in his youth at Winchester. After his escape from court, he fell under the influence of Bishop Alfege (Ælfeah) the Bald, who weaned him from earthly aspirations, and set him on that ascetic path which had such pregnant results for English Church history. It was in the days of this intimacy between the bishop and the young monk (somewhere between 945 and 950), that the earliest biographer, a friend of Dunstan, narrates a little incident which took place in Winchester. The pious citizens of Winchester prayed the bishop to come and dedicate a new church which they had built hard by the west gate of the city. Alfege consented, and went, taking with him the young monk Dunstan. After the ceremony was over, came a courteous invitation to a feast in honour of the occasion; and the bishop, nothing loth, sate down thereto. The banquet lasted for hours; at last at nightfall the bishop rose up, gave the guests his benediction, and so went forth and descended the hill homewards. Dunstan and he must have walked down the present High Street. Presently, they came to where St. Gregory's Church then stood, apparently to the west of the Cathedral yard; seeing the doors wide open, 'Let us enter,' said the bishop, 'and complete our complines in the church;' and in they went. 'And so it fell out that as the bishop was giving the absolution to his young friend, and their heads were close together, Satan, watchful and envious, cast on them a great stone from the sky, which, passing between them, touched their hair, but did no scathe to either.'

Under such training Dunstan became a singleminded

and devoted churchman; he also developed a great power of statesmanship, and his artistic and poetic temperament seized eagerly on those bright visions of the City of God, which have always fascinated lofty souls; his spirit, high-toned and strained far away above earthly things, could create for itself a whole world of marvels, supernatural agencies, and strange hallucinations. There are some choice souls, which have one foot on earth and one in heaven. Dunstan's strength, however, lay not so much in this imaginative power as in his practical ability to see and deal with the needs of his time. He set himself resolutely to the work of reform. It is unlucky if the reform works backwards, as was the case to some extent with the monastic revival of this age.

The Benedictine houses had almost all been destroyed by the Danes, two only remaining, Glastonbury and Abingdon, in their original state. Some, Malmesbury for example, and the twin minsters of Winchester, had received establishments of regular canons, who had become rich, comfortable, and easy-going gentlemen, with lay rather than clerical leanings. They were appointed by the king or by lay lords, married, and settled down on church estates, often far from their minster. The Winchester Annals, with their very late monastic feeling, work up a pretty picture of their state: 'These clerks, canonical in name alone, gave up their duties, vigils, services, to their vicars, who, poor fellows, worked and starved, while they withdrew out of sight of the church, nay, out of sight of God, as one might say, for years together, devouring their prebends as and where they would. Bare was the church, within and without;

the vicars had naught to give, and the prebendaries would give naught; barely would one, and grudgingly, buy for the altar a sorry cloth or a cup worth a few shillings.'

Æthelwold, abbot of Abingdon, a staunch ally of Dunstan, was one of the champions of the revived monasticism; and when, in 962, he became Bishop of Winchester, changes at once began. Nowhere was the struggle between canons and monks so well shown as in the two minsters of Winchester. The principles involved are clear enough. Dunstan and Æthelwold supported the Benedictine or foreign influence against the secular party; the canons were loyal to the West Saxon monarchy, and to their position as country gentlemen; the monks of the newer sort, yearned for reform in ritual and practice within the monasteries, and supported that larger ecclesiastical system which was spread over all Europe, and was not at all insular or national. In theory the canons worked outwards with the duty of spreading Christian influences far and wide from their centre, and this ended in the neglect of their mother-churches; the monks worked inwards, aiming at a concentration of religion within their monasteries, the churches of which were centres of ritual and religious attraction. All motive-power, earnestness, and directness of aim, was with the monks, who were led by self-denying capable men; the canons had neither head nor leader among themselves, and fought only by appeals for delay of reform, and by sticking to their prebends. The issue of such a strife could not long be doubtful.

At first King Edgar seems to have tried to save the older system. He warned the canons; he sus-

pended them, and continued the system by handing their preferments over to their vicars. These, however, proved no better, and the king saw that the system was doomed. Then Æthelwold was free to act. Eadmer, writing two centuries later, has a graphic story to tell of the incident. 'When the bishop knew his father Dunstan's will respecting the canons, who were too secular, he often warned them to mend their ways, to leave their wives, to tread the path of stricter life. They replied with raven voices, croaking out, "Cras! Cras!"—to-morrow, not to-day. But he had no patience with delay, and had some monks' cowls brought and thrown on the floor in front of his throne in the choir. On that day was chanted (Ps. ii. 11), "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling." The moment their singing ceased, he cried from his throne with a loud voice, "Know ye what ye sing?" "Yes," they replied, "we do." "Then," said he, "if you mean to serve the Lord with fear, take up the discipline from the floor, lest, as you have already sung, 'ye perish from the right way.'" Again they cried "Cras! Cras!" to which Æthelwold rejoined sternly, "I will none of your croaking promises of the morrow; take up the garb, or go and forfeit your places." Whereon three only obeyed; the rest were at once thrust out of their canonries.' We are told that while this drama was enacting, a party of monks from Abingdon Abbey stood peering in at the door, eager to possess the land; they gladly came in, and filled the vacant seats. The ejected canons appealed to the king, and challenged the bishop's authority; for it was a high-handed measure, an emphatic infringement of the rights of possession. Edgar

seemed willing that the case should be reheard; but what could such a 'council' as that which met in St. Swithun's refectory do for them, with Archbishop Dunstan presiding? In vain the canons pleaded for their freehold; the monks, 'beati possidentes,' could not be moved; and when, as runs the legend, the crucifix (which good John Capgrave, in the fifteenth century, saw lifted up against the refectory wall at St. Swithun's) had spoken to forbid the restitution, the case was ended. The exiled canons still cherished hopes. When Æthelwold died, in 984, 'there arose great tumult in Winchester, the canons striving to get back their benefices, the monks fighting hard to keep what they had won.' But Dunstan knew his own mind, and secured the episcopal throne for the second Elfege, one of the saints and martyrs of the English Church, and a warm friend of the monks. There is also a legend that when the angry canons tried to poison their bishop, the drug, like the venomous beast on St. Paul's hand, did him no harm. In truth, the canons were overmatched; churchmen who held lands and neglected their duties were not unfairly deemed to have forfeited their right to them.

The great charter, granted in 966 by Edgar to the abbot and convent of the New Minster, bears on this monastic movement. This document is in the turgid Latinity characteristic of the period. After sketching the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the birth and passion of Christ, it hastens on to business, and states what King Edgar's intentions are: he has ejected canons and set monks in the church; all who lay plots against these holy men are accursed; and those

who love the regulars are blessed. Then to practical matters: the king bids the new community rule itself moderately, prescribes their manner of electing an abbot, and tells them he will protect them against earthly foes, if they in return will save him from 'the aërial tricks' of the dæmons; finally he grants them all the lands and possessions of the monastery for ever. This remarkable charter bears witness to the principles of the new monasticism, and to the perils which still beset it from the dispossessed churchmen and their friends.

The struggle over, Æthelwold set himself to organize the new system: to him, as to all strong men, a victory was nothing in itself, unless it was a starting-point for fresh conquests. Bishop Æthelwold's reforms all tended to centralize religion. To this end he set himself to build at St. Swithun's a new and splendid minster. Wulfstan the monk, the precentor, was to teach his brethren to chant in more elaborate tones, and even to handle the organs; new cadences, new hymns were introduced, the skill of the *Scriptorium* was lavished on magnificent service-books, some of which still exist; and a new and wonderful organ was set up in the cathedral church. Sedulous scribes compiled edifying lives of local saints; and a wonder-working saint was found and housed within the walls.

The new Cathedral was begun at once, of wrought stone, wonderfully fashioned. The monks laboured at it side by side with masons and artificers; Wulfstan, who had watched the growth, celebrates it in rough and vigorous elegaic verse. So many the chapels, so intricate the passages, so numerous the columns, that a man might easily be lost in it: it was crowned also

by a mighty tower, with pinnacles and balls of burnished gold, and a weathercock which caught the morning sun, and filled the traveller coming down the hill into the city with amazement. In the background of one of the illuminations of the Benedictionary of St. Ethelwold, we have a contemporary drawing of this tower. It stood four-square, in two stories. The picture indicates the columns and capitals on which it is built; inside hang four large bells, and a small bell appears in the upper story; it is roofed with red tiles; above all is the great wonder of the edifice, the golden weathercock, 'lording it over the city.' 'Up there he stands aloft,' says Wulfstan, 'over the heads of the men of Winchester, and up in mid-air seems nobly to rule the western world;' in the claw is the sceptre of command, and, like the all-vigilant eye of the ruler, it turns every way.

Still more wonderful than church or tower was the pair of organs. Such instruments were indeed no novelty in the tenth century: but this was of tremendous size and power. Twelve bellows above, fourteen below, seventy strong men as blowers, working like galley slaves in full swing, with toil and sweat, and noise of shouting, as they cheered one another, filled the wind-chest, which was connected with no fewer than four hundred pipes. Below, in front of 'forty tongues,' sat two brethren in 'unity of spirit,' 'ruling each his own alphabet,' for on every tongue was painted a letter indicating the note; and when the players pushed in these tongues, and set free the sound, forth issued seven jubilant notes, with the 'lyric semitone' as well. 'Like thunder,' says the poet, 'their iron voice assaults the

ears and drives out every other sound. Nay, so swells the sound that as you hear you must clap hands to your ears, unable, as you draw near, to abide the brazen bellowing. All through the city the melody can be heard (for there was no glass in any window); and the fame and the echo of it spreads through all the land.' It was a frightful noise; the notes of the plain song were set free in unison by the two monks, with a harsh and braying sound, devoid of all expression or variety. The 'Tropary of Ethelred,' a MS. compiled for use with this very organ, gives us, in the musical notation of the period, the actual cadences and tones used in the services of St. Swithun's in the tenth century. This MS., a work of the highest interest for musicians and ecclesiologists, is now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

One thing was still lacking: the new church needed a wonder-working saint to rival St. Josse at the New Minster. And who so likely as Bishop Swithun, who lay hard by in the churchyard, whose name a century had not dimmed? The way was at once prepared for his translation: there were visions, and Swithun himself, forgetful of his old humility, began in dreams to clamour for a change. Lanfrith, 'the scribe from over the sea,' was ready with his pen, and wrote the story in his book. When all was ready Bishop Æthelwold seized a propitious day in 971 for the consecration of his new Cathedral, and the translation of the relics. King Edgar, on his return from his royal seat at Andover, was invited to be present; he came, with white-haired Dunstan, and the bishop, and many others. With great state they brought the

bones into the church, and laid them in a splendid shrine behind the altar, where they remained, till, by the order of Thomas Cromwell, the shrine was swept away, and the relics scattered to the winds. Wulfstan tells us that the saint 'protested weeping that his body ought not to be set in God's holy church amidst the splendid memorials of the ancient fathers'; and this is possibly the slender basis for the absurd legend of the forty days of rain, and the delayed removal of the bones. Wulfstan, an eye-witness of the ceremony, knows nothing of the downpour, which, had it been ever so bad, could not have hindered the translation from a grave at most only a few yards beyond the church door.

This great occasion was celebrated by a banquet in true English fashion. 'Many,' says Wulfstan, 'the dishes and the wine-cups; all faces shine with joy! There is a full dish for every one; and when all are satisfied the tables still groan under the viands. The flitting butlers run from hall to cellar, and urge the guests to drink; placing before them huge bowls, brimful with wine and liquors countless.' Lastly, with a touch of malice, Wulfstan tells us of a certain unknown Bishop Poca (the name was perhaps a nickname —possibly, if he were a Celt, from his *poke* or paunch) whose claim to fame lay not in work but in drink—

'Nulla laboris agens, pocula multa bibens'—

and who took a willing part in these sacred revels. At last, after two days, they closed the feast with hymns and dispersed.

Henceforth Bishop Swithun became a popular saint, and the Cathedral came to be known by his name. His

shrine sprang into great repute: well might the exulting monks declare that 'so long as there were canons in the Old Minster, St. Swithun did no miracle, but after they were put out wonders began and swarmed.' The canons, honest gentlemen, had neither the faith nor the fancy nor the poverty required for such work. With the new order of things came new sights and signs; worshippers, sick-folk, the maimed and halt, flocked to his shrine, and left substantial signs of gratitude behind them. For centuries Swithun was the most popular healing saint in England. Wulfstan records an interesting instance of pilgrims' piety, and of the rivalry between the minsters, between Swithun and Josse. 'There was a poor man so sick that he despaired of life. His friends bare him to the city, and were for taking him to St. Josse; but as they drew nigh to the gate of the New Minster one met them who asked them what they did? St. Swithun's bones, he said, were far more potent in the Old Minster hard by. To this advice they listened, and so laid the sick man under the relics of the holy Swithun; and there they kept watch with him, praying and dozing, through the night. Towards daybreak they all fell off to sleep, and to the sick man in his dreams it seemed as if the shrine above him rocked and swayed mightily, and some one was tugging at his shoes. And he awoke in fear, and lo! he was healed; but one of his shoes was gone, and though men sought diligently for it, to this day it has never been found.' This simple tale tells us how much the usages of ancient præ-Christian faiths had passed into the Christianity of the age. Here,

in the Old Minster of Winchester, men acted just as they had acted in Æsculapius' temple, or under the healing stones of primitive days: here, again, we see the patient's feet under the slab, the watching, praying friends, the vigil, the troubled sleep, the auspicious dream, the healing at daybreak; these things are common property in many ages of the world, Christian or Pagan.

Side by side with this religious revival there went on at Winchester, from Alfred's days to the end of the tenth century, a bright and interesting literary life. Not only in the great monumental Chronicle of King Alfred, but in the daily labours of the Scriptorium, and in the compositions of those who dwelt in the city, we still possess proofs of the literary and artistic activity which raised Winchester still, as in Alfred's days, above the level of the other cities of England.

Edgar's reign is full of points of interest; for in all his life he stands out as a peaceful and sensible king. He encouraged the Northmen to settle down and to become vigorous and useful members of the community, nor could the grumbling of the English deter him from giving a statesmanlike welcome to these strong immigrants from the north; he did much for commerce, making Winchester and London his two pattern cities. For centuries his well-known law, 'Let one weight and one measure be used in all England, after the standard of London and Winchester,' formed the basis of all trade, while it seems to set the two capitals on a footing of complete equality. He also built a great fleet to protect the coasts, and his authority prevailed through-

out. All admitted their dependence on the king, who sate on his ancestral throne at Winchester. His laws, though they have been blamed for undue severity, leave the impression of strength rather than of cruelty, of prudence and insight into his people's needs, and even of a real advance in humanity.

CHAPTER V.

SECOND PERIOD OF DANISH INVASION, AND REIGN OF CNUT AT WINCHESTER. A.D. 975–1035.

Æthelred the 'Unready' and Bishop Alfege—Alfege wins Olaf—Massacre of St. Brice's Day—Edmund Ironside—Cnut chosen as king—Winchester his capital—His character and acts—His marriage with Queen Emma—His career and gifts to Winchester—Cnut's death and burial.

AFTER Edgar and the brief days of Edward the Martyr came Æthelred, crowned not only at Kingston, but 'before the altar of St. Vincent in Winchester.' He was the 'Unready,' that is, the man unable to take good advice or to give it. It is a miserable period of weakness, treachery, and disgrace. We come to the days of the 'Dane-geld,' when it became easier to buy off the invader than to fight him. This evil time came to an end only when Cnut established his great northern empire with its capital at Winchester. Three things led to the miseries of Æthelred's reign: the death of Dunstan; the accession to the throne of a thoroughly worthless king, of whom one of the later chroniclers well says that 'his life's course was brutal in outset, miserable in the middle, base in the ending;' and, lastly, the consolidation of the Danish power in the hands of two such men as Swein and Cnut.

In 994 Æthelred had by his side Bishop Ælfeah, a prelate who shines in an evil world; whether he showed his fearless character in his visit to the lion's den in Southampton, or whether, as Archbishop of Canterbury, he laid down his life at Greenwich. His connexion with Winchester however is slight, save that a tale told of him may help us to discover where in his day the episcopal house stood. We are told that he was wont to come forth in the dead of night, and, 'slipping past the guards,' to enter the river and there stand all the night, up to his middle in the water, singing praises to God. Now, from the well-known legend of the wolf-tribute, to be delivered at King Edgar's palace of Wolvesey, and from King Alfred's placing there his literary company, it seems clear that Wolvesey was at first a royal, rather than an episcopal, palace. Both king and bishop may, no doubt, have lodged within its precincts; at any rate, the little tale of Ælfeah's penance seems to mark Wolvesey as his dwelling-place; from no other place could he have slipped through some little postern gate past the guards to the river.

When Olaf of Norway and Swein the Dane, joining hands, ravaged the western districts, Æthelred, incapable of making any stand, decided to offer Olaf tribute and friendship, and the fearless Bishop carried the message of peace to the fierce Norwegian. His mission was successful, and for a time the land had peace. But Swein, the apostate, a fierce foe to Christendom, made no promises, and when Olaf perished in the year 1000, he returned and ravaged Hampshire. A battle was fought at Alton; thence he passed to Whitchurch, thence to the Worthys, at the very gates of

Winchester. The walls, however, were strong, and the Danes did not care to besiege the city, but passed by and made for the sea. They also destroyed the 'ham' at Bishop's Waltham, and ruined many villages near the coast.

Then, in 1002, came the foolish wickedness of the 'Massacre of St. Brice's Day'; and in the next year Swein, with young Cnut his son, landed to avenge their slaughtered kinsfolk. With this begins the Danish conquest of the country. By 1006 the Danes were masters of all central England, and 'after Martinmas had their "frithstool," or fixed winter-quarters, in the Isle of Wight, whence at Midwinter,' as the Chronicle puts it, 'they crossed over to their ever-ready farm in Hants and Berks,' and pushed on, spoiling as they went, through Wallingford to the Kennet, where was the meeting-place for all, with their booty, and thence seaward. 'Then might Winchester-folk from their walls see the bragging undaunted host pass by their gates, making for the sea, and for fifty miles around they plundered the land, taking all they found.' As things grew worse, Winchester in 1013 had to ransom herself and give hostages. All resistance was in vain; in the end even London had to make terms, and Æthelred fled over sea.

In 1014 came a singular change. Swein died, and then Æthelred, back from Normandy, took shelter in London; his heroic son Edmund Ironside held the north and east for the English, while Cnut had his main strength in Wessex, and his capital at Winchester. The parts were thus inverted: Danish England supported Cerdic's house, and English Wessex was obedient

to the Dane. On Æthelred's death in 1016, the Witan at Southampton made Cnut their king, while the London 'burghers and such men as were there' swore fealty to Edmund. A great man, fallen on evil times, he had a hopeless task; yet in the seven months of his reign he fought five battles with the Danes, and breathed new spirit into the English. At last Cnut and he agreed to divide the realm; but the brave young king died suddenly, the Witan chose Cnut to be king over all England, and the Danish monarchy began.

Now England fell into the hands of one of the strongest and most sagacious of men. The short-limbed, powerful prince, grim and fierce at first, soon showed the qualities of a statesman, and for twenty years ruled England well. Winchester became the centre of what may almost be styled an imperial dominion, stretching from England to Scandinavia. Cnut, working from Winchester, aimed at uniting the two races on English soil, and hoped so to consolidate his mighty lordship.

With him begins a new era—a time of few historic incidents, full of unwonted peace and security, in which the great king sought to ennoble his people by inculcating justice and sternly enforcing order. His statesmanship is shown by the proclamation he made at the Council of Oxford in 1018, to the effect that no Dane, presuming on the king's origin, should wrong any Englishman, but that both races should be one people, governed by one law, that of King Edgar. This document is the more striking when we remember that it was issued in the flush of triumph. It shows the generosity of Cnut's disposition, and displays a full share of those poetic and religious elements which have

ever marked the North. In all things his matured character shows nobility, as in his famous letter addressed from Rome to his people of England in 1027. It is like 'the voice of a father speaking to his children.'

Nothing that he did was so doubtful in prudence as his marriage. It is startling to find him, at the age of twenty-two, suing to Richard of Normandy for the hand of Queen Emma, a woman some ten years his senior. It was a grand chance for her; no prince in Europe had a finer future before him than Cnut.

In 1002 Æthelred had taken Emma the Norman lady to wife, and from that moment she became one of the most notable figures of English history and legend. In her earliest youth she must have been fair to look on; we have a contemporary likeness of her at a later period of her life in the illumination of the Hyde Register, which paints her and Cnut presenting their cross to the New Minster. The face is round, lively, with a short nose, and large well-shaped mouth. The English, when first they saw her, were not without some superstitious fear; her name was hard to pronounce, for the double *m* was a real difficulty to them. So they called her Ælfgifu, 'gift of the elves,' so lovely, and so fascinating was she in their eyes. On her marriage Æthelred had presented her with Exeter, and Winchester, the royal city, as her 'morning-gift'; and the Winchester Domesday tells us that she then possessed a house among the Thanelands, near the West Gate, on the north side of High Street, almost opposite to the entrance into the ancient castle which dominated the town at its highest point of exit. She made Winchester her home, kept her hoard there, and dwelt there the latter years of her life.

'A clever and beautiful woman, and we shall hear a great deal of her for the next fifty years or so; but I cannot say that we shall hear much good.' For she was shifty and light; her life shows ambition building on intrigue. She was rich and covetous, amassing great wealth, and seeking to make political use of it. We may be sure that it was under strong provocation that years after her son Edward the Confessor sent lords down to Winchester to rob her of her treasures.

During Cnut's life we know but little of her doings; it only appears that she and her husband were very liberal benefactors to Winchester; they endowed the minsters with plentiful gifts of lands and precious things. There was the great cross in silver and gold presented to the New Minster; and, if the legend may be trusted, after the famous scene on the sea-shore Cnut, returning to Winchester, vowed never again to wear his crown, but placed it over the cross above the high altar in the Cathedral, where it remained till, with many another glorious thing, it disappeared in the sixteenth century. Moreover, says the Winchester Annalist, he gave the Old Minster a property of three hides called 'Hille,' and a shrine for the relics of St. Birinus, a six-branched silver candlestick, and two bells. The more valuable the gift, the more surely it bore with it the sentence of destruction. Of all these mighty offerings of kings and bishops to the Winchester churches not one remains, unless it be the 'three hides called Hille,' to which until lately the feet of the Winchester scholars were wont to make pilgrimage.

In 1035 the strong king died at Shaftesbury, aged only forty years. They brought him home to the

Old Minster for burial, and there, up in the chests still standing on the screen built by Bishop Fox round the choir, lie his bones, with other royal dust commingled and unknown. In the same chest with him, we are told by the repainted inscription of 1661, rest also the remains of Emma his queen; and with them Bishop Ethelwine, her kinsman and friend, and Wina, bishop of an earlier age, and, lastly, strange comrade even in death, William the Red King.

CHAPTER VI.

NORMAN CONQUEST AT WINCHESTER.

A.D. 1035–1086.

Reign of Harthacnut—Of Edward Confessor—Story of the Ordeal—The burials of Earl Björn, Queen Emma, and Earl Godwine—The two Minsters take opposite sides in the Norman invasion—The consequences—William's new palace at Winchester—His severities towards the Churches—Council of Winchester in 1070—Character and fall of Stigand—His successor Walkelin—The new Cathedral Church—The Synod of 1076—Fate of Earl Waltheof—The Domesday Survey.

WHEN Cnut died, the Witan chose his son Harold Harefoot as king; while Ælfgifu Emma 'sat at Winchester with the housecarls of Cnut and Harthacnut, her son, and held all Wessex for him, and Godwine Earl was her chief man.' On Harold's death in 1040, all England chose Harthacnut, who returned with his mother to Winchester. Short and gloomy was his reign; the Winchester Annalist, in two minds about Queen Emma, with one breath describes her misconduct, and with the next tells of the triumphant proof of her innocence in the ordeal of the ploughshares.

Harthacnut did not reign long: in the great hall at Winchester, says the Annalist, four royal banquets were daily spread, that all might sit and feast: and,

after two years of inglorious rule, the house of Cnut came to an end at his death.

Edward the Confessor was at once elected at Winchester by the Witan, and consecrated in the Old Minster by Eadsige of Canterbury and Ælfric of York, in the midst of a brilliant group of Englishmen and foreigners. Ambassadors from Henry III. of Germany, and from many another distant prince, even envoys from Magnus the Good of Norway and Denmark were there. At the head of the English was Earl Godwine, who made the new king a splendid gift, a noble ship, equipped and painted, moored hard by, probably under St. Swithun's bridge. She was manned by two hundred rowers. At her stern was a golden lion, and from the stem fluttered the Dragon of Wessex broidered in gold; a rich tapestry on a purple ground, fit for an emperor, depicted stirring seafaring scenes. After the consecration, the Archbishop of Canterbury 'taught the king well, as to his own needs and those of his people;' but Edward was well-nigh as 'unready' as his predecessor Æthelred.

We can read the features of this gentle, irascible prince in the pages of a friendly biographer, who knew him later on, when 'he had gone through much, and had learnt nothing.' 'In person of a proper tallness, with milk-white hair and beard,' out of which beamed a full round face, ruddy in colour; 'his hands were long and very white.' Edward organised more completely the usage of 'wearing the crown' yearly at Winchester, Gloucester, and London, and laid it down by charter that on these occasions the precentor at each minster should receive half a mark in money, and the convent

a hundred simnel-loaves, and a measure of wine. This 'wearing the crown' at Winchester went on till the end of Henry I.'s reign; after that, in Stephen's troubled times, such usages were broken up, and when the Angevin kings succeeded, they ceased to treat Winchester as their capital city.

Between Edward and his mother there was no love lost; and towards Godwine, his great subject, he felt little good-will. On the one side, Edward ill-used his mother, and rested on Norman friends, who came over in shoals to his court. He probably wished to introduce their stricter views as to Church discipline and rule, and openly preferred the culture of the foreign courts to all that he found at home. No wonder if he alienated his English subjects. Godwine, on the other hand, soon became the champion of the English, and Queen Emma showed no good-will towards the king. In the year after he came to the throne, Edward showed his suspicion of her by sending three earls, Godwine being one of them, to Winchester, 'to take the Lady at unawares, and to seize her countless treasures, because she had been very hard towards the king her son, and had not helped him as he wished; they let her still live at Winchester, though without her hoard.' And as she lived there, Edward rarely visited the city; but Godwine won her favour and confidence. Soon after this is placed the famous fable of the accusation, the ordeal in Winchester Cathedral, the crowds of onlookers, the triumphant issue, and the restitution of herself and Bishop Alwine (Æthelwine) to all their honours, as it is told by the later chroniclers. Such gratitude she and her kinsman the bishop felt, that they each granted St.

Swithun's Minster nine manors (one each for a ploughshare), to which King Edward added other lands. The well-known tale has but the slightest foundations. It was a vehicle for the outrageous party-spirit of the time, from which no reputation was safe: it marks Winchester as the centre of this struggle between the English and foreign influences, and has no other historical value. The queen and others were very liberal then and afterwards in gifts of land and gold and jewels to St. Swithun's Church.

Not long after the supposed date of this incident Winchester was moved by the arrival of travel-stained pilgrims from the West, carrying the remains of the luckless Earl Björn. Swein, Godwine's eldest and outlawed son, had inveigled him on board ship, had treacherously murdered him, and 'buried him deep' at Dartmouth. Thither went the youth's friends, headed by Earl Harold, took up his bones, and carried them piously to Winchester, where they were interred again in the Old Minster, 'over against the tomb of Cnut king his eme' or uncle. He is said to lie under Bishop Fox's screen on the south side of the choir. Four years later there was another notable burial in the Old Minster, that of the famous Queen Emma, whose last peaceful days had been spent in her own house at the top of High Street, described in Domesday as free of toll under King Edward, and free still. She had granted, among many other rich gifts to St. Swithun's monks, the remarkable manor and liberty of 'Godbeate,' a house, church, and precinct in the High Street, in the very centre of the city. It is styled a 'Privilegium Deo datum,' as free as tongue can tell or mind conceive.

There prior and convent exercised their manorial jurisdiction, defying the writ of the king, or the authority of the city; the church of St. Peter in Macellis, within the liberty, was a sanctuary for evil-doers and others; and the whole place continued to be a curious anomaly down to the middle of the sixteenth century, when, on the dissolution of St. Swithun's Priory, it lapsed under the civic jurisdiction. It is significant that not till the year after her death did Edward the Confessor, her son, again hold his Easter court at Winchester. A third important funeral was that of Earl Godwine, whose sudden death in a royal banquet gave the Normans a last chance, eagerly seized, of blackening his memory with malignant slander. Where in the minster he lies no man now can say; there is no record of this great Englishman's grave. He had lived long enough to see the aim of his life carried out, in the banishment of the king's foreign friends.

Edward died in the fateful year 1066, and dying, opened the door to the flood of Norman invasion, from which he gained his undeserved credit with the nation. Friend of the foreigner, an idle prince, whose days were counted as nothing, unless he had found good sport in the field, a king whose virtues were negations, and his redeeming quality a temper ill-controlled and hasty, he came by force of contrast to be regarded as the hero-saint of the English race, which, yearning, as down-trodden nations do, for a hero and an ideal, found one in the simple and selfish king.

The Norman Conquest, when at last it came, found the two Minsters at Winchester ready to take up opposite sides in that as in other matters. The anta-

gonisms which in the previous half century had marked the English and the foreign parties, had their reflexion also in the churches of St. Josse and St. Swithun. It seems not unlikely that the bulk of the people held with Godwine and Harold, while the more cultivated few were tempted to side with Edward and the foreigners. The new literature, splendid architecture, and higher scale of knowledge and culture possessed by the Normans contrasted markedly with the ruder simplicity of English thought and habit. Now the Old Minster at Winchester seems always to have kept up close relations with French and Norman interests; the Lady Emma, its patroness, with her winning ways and company of foreign friends, familiarized men's minds with things un-English. St. Swithun's, as we saw in Bishop Æthelwold's days, was the church of new ideas and usages; and the work of the Winchester Annalist, who wrote his chronicle at a later period within the walls, is distinctly biassed against the English side. He greedily repeats the Norman slanders against Earl Godwine, describes the Conquest with pleasure, as in the odd phrase in which he says that 'when Harold had begun to reign, William, having collected many Normans, stout men whose hearts were surely not down in their boots (quorum corda minime latitabant in caligis), came into England,' and slew Harold and his men, 'strong no doubt to fight, but stronger still at the wine-cup.' The sympathies too of Edith (Eadgyth), widow of Edward the Confessor, who had succeeded at Winchester as the next 'Old Lady' after Queen Emma, appear to have been favourable to Duke William.

On the other hand, the New Minster was stoutly

attached to the national cause. Built and endowed by two of the greatest Englishmen, Alfred and Edward, whose bones rested within its walls, it was entirely English in origin and sympathies. Moreover, at the time of the Conquest the Abbot Ælfwig was uncle to Harold, a man ready and able to die for the English cause. When Harold summoned all his faithful subjects to follow him for the defence of the coasts in 1066, the Old Minster chose the safe and inglorious course of sitting still; while the Abbot of the New Minster, with a goodly following of monks and soldiers, at once took the field. Ælfwig was for no half-measures, and himself led his forces to the trysting-place. Twelve monks were at his back, with coats of steel over their Benedictine habits, and a score of men-at-arms, each followed by his little retinue. With what stir and proud acclaim must the citizens have speeded the warlike churchmen as they passed out of the minster gate into High Street, and so over St. Swithun's bridge eastward, up the Roman road which still leads across the open downs; then bending somewhat to the right, avoiding the woodlands, they must have followed the higher land, which runs for miles parallel to the sea-line, until at last, not long before the battle, they found themselves in Harold's camp. Ælfwig was at once, as befitted his rank, zeal, and relationship to Harold, placed among the king's special bodyguard; and the post of honour was the place of doom, for after the battle was over, on the spoiling of the slain, men found the abbot and his monks lying dead with their habits under their mail; and it was known that they came from the New Minster of Winchester. And

thus they willingly laid down their lives for the English cause.

The battle, and the swift vigour of William, struck terror into all England, and Winchester, where the centre of resistance, the New Minster, was paralysed by the event, was ready to submit. The convent, when William's messengers came demanding the surrender of the royal city, must have fallen into depths of gloom and hopelessness. St. Swithun's, on the other hand, after its prudent neutrality, and with the Lady to befriend it, and with Aldred of York, who had just crowned William at Westminster, an old monk of the house, ready to protect his old comrades, was not alarmed, and was all for a speedy end of the resistance. Guy of Amiens, in his poem on the Conquest, tells us how things went in the capital of Wessex: 'William sent to Guincestre, and bade the chief men, as others did, bring tribute to him;' and again, 'the chief men conferred with the queen (the Lady Edith) and she consented and bade them bear the tribute: and so all came in to it, and the messengers carried back the gifts of the Lady and those of the chief men also.' And thus the ancient seat of government, home of the treasure-house, the mints, and the standards of measure, accepted the Norman rule. Ere long William came and made Winchester his head-quarters: for so long as the king over England was also Duke of Normandy, Winchester lay handiest for Rouen. It was not till this connexion was shaken that the importance of the southern capital began to wane.

It was not long before the Conqueror showed the New Minster that he had a good memory and a heavy

hand. For three years he allowed the community no abbot, and took the revenues of that office into the royal treasury. When his men had reported to him on the battlefield that they had found the New Minster monks lying dead in the thick of the fray, he replied grimly, 'The abbot is worth a barony and each monk a manor,' and made his words good by depriving the minster of full twenty thousand acres of land. Nor was this enough. He aimed at crushing the English spirit of the House, and seized the upper portion of the already cramped site on which it stood, and there he built his palace. He thus made the little area bounded by the High Street to the north, Little Minster Street to the west, the great churchyard to the south, and the New Minster to the east, the home and centre of the government of the country. Here he placed all the machinery of public business; here were the treasure, the mints, the standards, and, across the street, the royal prison-house, with the eight 'carnifices,' or executioners, living hard by; here also, just outside the royal palace, was the constabulary, where the 'comes stabuli,' the 'constable,' looked to his master's horse. And in the very centre of all stood the palace-church, the chapel of St. Laurence, to which to this day each bishop repairs on his appointment, immediately before his installation in the Cathedral. Originally he did this to pay his homage to the king in his palace; for, till this was done, no bishop could be seised of his temporalities or take possession of his see. Formerly, the bishop repaired to the church of St. Mary Kalendar, hard by; when this church fell into ruins, the ceremony was transferred to St. Laurence's, and the usage is still followed by each successive occupant of the see.

And thus the New Minster suffered for its patriotism. Near the end of his reign William somewhat relented, and restored to the monastery some of its old lands in place of the ground on which his palace stood; still, the abbey did not for centuries recover from the chastisements inflicted on it, now by William, and a century later by Bishop Henry of Blois.

The sorrows of the New Minster were a good example of the severities which fell on the churches everywhere. While William did not at once dispossess the English lay lords, both he and Lanfranc seem to have distrusted the native clergy from the beginning. Wherever it could be done the older English prelates were replaced by Norman churchmen, who were much more in harmony with the king in all ways. With them William hoped to break down the independence of the Church, teaching it, on the one hand, to rest more on the Pope, and, on the other, more on the king; it was bringing it into line with the new feudalism of the reign. These new foreign prelates were also much cut off from both clergy and people by the walls of strange speech and of national prejudice.

The effect of these tendencies was soon felt at Winchester. A famous council was held there in 1070 at which William 'wore his crown,' and was, in fact, recrowned with much pomp in St. Swithun's old church by three Papal legates, present there to watch over his and their master's interests. One of these personages—Ermenfried, the Bishop of Sion, that picturesque eagle's nest of a bishopric—was active in the exclusion of the English prelates, and

had consecrated Walkelin, William's kinsman, as successor to Stigand. For Stigand was too strong an Englishman to be left in possession of either Canterbury or Winchester; he had been Earl Godwine's friend, and, though he may have tried to play a double game, he was too sincerely English to be successful as a shuffler. His character has been attacked with Norman virulence; his detractors point to the great hoard he left behind him at his death. When in 1052 Archbishop Robert, the leading man of the foreign party, had been deposed through Godwine's influence, Stigand took the archbishopric, holding it with Winchester, and warmly, when the time came, supported Harold's cause. When no more could be done he submitted to William, and was by him carried over as a kind of hostage to Normandy. A little later he escaped with Edgar into Scotland, and afterwards, after the fall of Ely, fell again into William's hands. Now, in 1072, he was brought a prisoner to Winchester and was kept under guard, and so remained till his death, which took place that same year. Somewhere in Winchester Cathedral he lies buried, though no trace or tradition respecting him remains. During his last years he is said to have kept eager watch over his stores of wealth, perhaps thinking, as has been suggested, that a Winchester hoard would be an important element in any well-planned attempt to throw off the Norman yoke. Be that as it may, no such rising came; and when Stigand died, his treasure was found, and his foes said that he had solaced himself with the meagre joys of the miser.

No man more fully expresses the vast change which had come over England than does Walkelin, the new

Bishop of Winchester. A warm supporter of the Conqueror, he did all in his power for the Norman kingship; he built the grandest of those massive minsters which stood as symbols of overwhelming power; he strove to bring the ecclesiastical bodies into harmony with the new system in Church and State. The English Chronicle seems to recognise his unfriendly position by keeping absolute silence respecting him; it names him but once, at his death in 1098. At first, deeming the monks too English, finding also that they were not inclined to work cordially with him, and seeing that William's necessities were tempting him to 'harry all the minsters that were in England,' Walkelin desired to restore the older canonical system, which had always rested so much on the royal authority. William approved, and Walkelin 'had at hand,' says William of Malmesbury, 'over forty canons with capes and surplices, to be introduced into his Cathedral church the moment the monks had been expelled'; when he was arrested in his plan by the resistance of the primate. For Lanfranc was keen-eyed enough to see that those 'outlying fortresses of Papal advance,' the Benedictines, were the only bulwark against an irresponsible royalty, and refused to sanction the scheme. And so Bishop Æthelwold's work was not undone. In the end Walkelin protected and reformed the monastic system as far as he could.

This was a great epoch in church-building. The new lords of the land, strong and resolute, seem to have considered the cathedral, abbey, and parish churches built in the native English style to be deficient in size and dignity; and, therefore, many older buildings of note were swept away, and new minsters rose to

express in stone the dominant ideas of the new masters. These massive churches were eloquent of the constructive boldness of their builders; they became centres of Roman rather than English worship; for they belonged rather to the larger and more general church-system attached to the revived Papacy, than to the older national system; garrisoned by friendly monks, each church became a Norman fastness; the bishop, high-seated at the easternmost point of the apse, looked down on the worshippers from behind the altar, and seemed to embody the highest claims of the mediæval Church. In Winchester Cathedral the altar above and the sacred well in the crypt below, the one directly over the other, in the exact centre-point of the semi-circular apse, were the significant centres of religious worship. No wonder that the English disliked these characteristic apses, symbols of Norman dominance, and, when they had the power, replaced them by a square east-end. So the apse of Winchester was swept away when Bishop Godfrey Lucy undertook to refashion the church, before the end of the twelfth century, in the new style, which is now called First Pointed or Early English.

Walkelin began to build in 1079, working probably from Bishop Æthelwold's church westward, though a passage in the 'Annals of Winchester' seems to infer that the two churches were on different sites. In 1093, it says, 'the monks came from the old minster to the new, and on St. Swithun's Day took up the saint's shrine (out of the old church) and bore it in triumph into the new. Next day, at Walkelin's bidding, they began to break down the old church, and it all came down that year, except one porch and

the high altar.' It is possible that Walkelin placed his apse close to the west door of the older English church, and when his main fabric was completed pulled down the old church and built his Lady Chapel on its foundations. There is some masonry of high antiquity in the crypt, just to the east of the Lady Chapel apse, which seems to countenance this view. And if this is a correct surmise we may venture farther and claim that the present Cathedral, in part at least, stands on the site of the oldest Christian building of these parts, that Roman church in which the gospel was preached to the primitive inhabitants of the district.

Walkelin's church was fourteen years in building. When finished it was almost as large as it is to-day, for it was planned to run forty feet farther to the west than it does now. Of this huge edifice the massive transepts remain almost unchanged; the long nave, hidden under William of Wykeham's remodelled building, is still there, walls and piers being still Norman; the tower, which fell in 1107, was soon rebuilt in somewhat later Norman style; and though the Norman Lady Chapel is gone, its ground plan and features remain in the crypt, lately cleared out and made once more intelligible to all who visit it. The stone for the building came by water to Winchester from Quarr in the Isle of Wight, and the cost of the work must have taxed to the full the resources of both bishop and monastery. Indeed we see this in the quarrel between them which marked the first years of Bishop Giffard, and in the grant to Walkelin by William Rufus of the profits of a fair on St. Giles' Hill in 1094. But the most dramatic incident in the building is of an earlier

date, when William the Conqueror granted Walkelin as many trees in Hempage Wood as he could fell in three days, wherewith to roof the nave. The bishop called together 'carpenters innumerable,' and swept off the whole wood of oak trees, leaving nothing standing there save the traditional 'Gospel Oak,' under which St. Augustine is said to have preached. The bare stem of this ancient oak still stands, and by it yearly, when bounds were beaten, the parish priest used to read, till quite lately, the gospel for the day. The solid trees thus carried to Winchester are still to be seen in the roof of the nave above Wykeham's stone groining, and they are as sound as when they were first hoisted up more than eight centuries ago, in 1086.

In Walkelin's days we hear of no resistance within the convent; for the monks were cowed, and Walkelin was strong and wise, and their prior was Walkelin's brother Simeon, a shrewd man, who reformed the brethren with a skilful, gentle hand. Unlike Thurstan of Caen, William's new Abbot of Glastonbury, who fought against his monks with arrow and sword, Simeon lured them on with simple stratagem; for seeing, say the Annals, that in the refectory they 'lived assiduously on flesh,' he taught the cook to make them 'exquisite dishes of fish,' and pleased the brethren so mightily therewith that they asked for more, and from that day forth 'took to fish and abstained from flesh.'

Another important council or synod was held in 1076 in Winchester; in it the strong hand of Lanfranc of Canterbury was controlled by the still stronger hand of Hildebrand at Rome, and this council helped to subject the civil to the ecclesiastical power

and to make the clergy a more distinctly corporate body, cut off by office, birth, celibacy, sympathies and language, from their flocks. This synod also denounced 'secular marriage,' that is, marriage regarded as a civil contract, and forbade canons to have wives, stopping all marriage of priests in the future, though it did not insist that the married clergy in country places should abandon their wives. All tended towards the strengthening of an ecclesiastical state, quite independent of the civil power.

About this same time occurred that sad tragedy at Winchester which produced the second popular English saint of the age. Earl Waltheof, as the Hyde Chronicler puts it, 'one of the most ancient and wealthy of the princes of England, in stature and form fair as a second Absalom,' was not also endowed with too much good sense: a slight and unsteady person, he misread William's generosity as weakness, and thought he might play with him. In the end he was entangled in the famous wedding-conspiracy at Norwich, where was

> that bride-ale
> To men for bale.

After the complete break-down of the attempt, Waltheof was sent in close bondage to Winchester. Here his confidence failed him, and he prayed that he might be put into one of the monasteries, if only he might live; he begged to be kept a constant prisoner; anything rather than death. William was inexorable. At dawn on St. Petronilla's Day, 'while men yet slept,' he was led forth up the steep side of St. Giles' Hill. There, on the brow overlooking the city,

whence is a prospect almost unrivalled in England, Waltheof saw for the last time the sleeping town, with minsters and dwellings bathed in the mist of a May morning. In vain he begged for time; the only respite granted was time to kneel and say the Lord's Prayer; and as he made pauses, fearing the inevitable end, the executioner lost patience, and smote off his head, ere the last petition had passed his lips. Pious tradition declares that after the head had fallen the lips were seen to move, and a thin voice, as from another world, completed the prayer with 'Libera nos a malo.' They buried him first in Winchester; but soon after the king allowed the monks of 'a certain church (that is Crowland), which Waltheof had built by the sea,' to remove his bones, and to inter him with much honour in their church. Here forthwith began his fame as a local English saint, canonized by the longings of an afflicted people, 'and to this day miracles oft occur at his tomb.' Thus the downtrodden comforted themselves, as men often do, with two semi-mythical hero-saints, Edward, the lover of foreigners, and this unsteadfast Waltheof. We see how among the oppressed imagination tries to redress the adverse balance of facts.

Five years after this tragedy William ordered the making of Domesday. Commissioners went round the land, inquiring closely 'what hides of land there were in each shire, what lands and cattle the king himself owned therein, what was due yearly to him for it. And he had it written down, how much land his archbishops held, his bishops, his abbots, and his earls, what each "land-sitting" man held of lands or stock

and its value. So narrowly was it spied out—'tis shame to tell, but he thought it no shame to do—that never a hide or rood of land escaped, nor ox, nor cow, nor swine, but it was set down in his writing and brought to him.' These returns were collected at Winchester, and copied out into the great Domesday Book. This famous Book had its home at Winchester so long as the city was the capital; it was often carried about with the kings on their progresses as a definite record of fact; from it was no appeal. After some time, it was kept permanently at Westminster, for Winchester had ceased to be the treasure-city; and where taxes were paid, there the Book must be. It is not known what became of the original Rolls sent in by the commissioners; they were long kept at Winchester.

In the original survey there were two significant omissions—London and Winchester were not recorded, probably because the two seats of government demanded a separate treatment. Accordingly, in the days of Henry I. the special 'Liber Wintoniæ,' the Winchester Domesday, was made.

It must have been almost immediately after this great Survey that William, in summer, 1086, followed the Roman road from Winchester to Sarum, and met his lords and landholders, and received their oaths of fealty. Then he passed, with a large subsidy, into Normandy, and the English saw him no more.

CHAPTER VII.

WINCHESTER UNDER THE NORMAN KINGS.

A.D. 1087–1109.

William Rufus at Winchester—The rule of Ranulf Flambard—St. Giles' Fair established—Walkelin completes his church—His character and position—Burial of William Rufus in the Cathedral—Henry I. seizes Winchester—His character, and marriage with Queen Matilda—The tranquillity within St. Swithun's walls.

On hearing of his father's death, William Rufus hastened to Winchester to secure the great treasure laid up there. He had plenty of energy and capacity for war, which stood him in good stead in this crisis of his affairs. For his position was precarious; it was not clear that the English would stand by him, and it was very clear that if his elder brother Robert claimed the crown, the Norman nobles, eager to take advantage of the late king's death, would espouse the claimant's cause.

At first, however, all went well with Rufus. He was consecrated by Lanfranc at Westminster, and immediately came down to Winchester, where he thrust back Morkere and Wulfnoth into prison. Then 'he viewed the treasure his father had gathered. No one could tell how much there was in gold and silver,

vessels, valuables, robes, gems and other precious things.' Whatever there was, he took it all.

The nobles stood aloof; but when at the Easter Gemót of 1088, held according to custom at Winchester, they refused to appear, William at once appealed to the English people, who rallied to him, and enabled him to repulse the Normans at Pevensey. This successful resistance to a second Norman invasion seemed to the English almost to reverse the disaster of 1066; they began to see that they had a value in the state, and recognized in the monarchy a protection against the unbridled license of the nobles. Another Winchester Gemót, two years later, supported the king warmly in his proposal to carry the war across into Normandy.

Soon after Lanfranc's death things began to go amiss. The ill-omened form of the king's friend Ranulf Flambard, appears; for the rest of the reign he makes Winchester his home, brooding, like an evil creature, over the 'mighty chest' in the royal treasury. Hard man and business-like, with a lawyer's temper in dealing with all questions civil or ecclesiastical, he made the king 'every man's heir, be he clerk or layman.' The conspiracies of the nobles and the weakness of the Church gave him his opportunity for extortion, and from his lair at Winchester Flambard laid heavy burdens on all men; some of his imposts were not got rid of till 1660. Of the king's favourite plan of keeping preferments vacant, and taking the revenue, or of selling them to the highest bidder, Winchester provides some marked examples. Thus, when Walkelin died, the bishopric was not filled up till after the Red King's death; and the New Minster had no abbot

from 1088 to 1091, and then received one by a gross job. Herbert 'Losinga,' Bishop of Thetford, and then of Norwich, wanting to settle his old father in a good berth, offered to buy the New Minster for him, and Ranulf Flambard without shame closed the bargain. A contemporary monastic poet expresses his view of the transaction in rude forcible lines:

> Filius est Præsul, pater Abbas, Symon uterque.
> Quid non speremus, nummos si possideamus?
> Omnia nummus habet; quod vult facit, addit et aufert.
> Res nimis injusta est:—nummis fit Præsul et Abbas.

It is a pleasure to learn that the bargain was a bad one for the buyer; the old man had hardly got in when he fell ill and died.

All these years at the Old Minster Walkelin had been labouring at the great church and the conventual buildings. About this time the king granted him a three days' fair. His charter, the first of the kind issued since the Conquest, has been erroneously attributed to William the Conqueror, because Walkelin is named, and people forget that he survived his royal kinsman for more than ten years. The gift was ample, handing over to the bishop not only the fair, but 'all rents belonging to the king in Winchester.' This St. Giles' Fair bore witness to the growth of foreign trade; for it brought many strange merchants to Winchester; it also helped to lessen the narrowness of the Guild system. While it lasted, it entirely superseded all local business; shops and stalls in the city, and for a circuit of seven leagues around, and even at Southampton, were rigorously closed. The coasting and foreign traffic,

much of which put in at that port, helped to swell the importance of the fair, and local manufactures, cloth, and wines, home-made or foreign, found ready sale or barter. The trade in wine died out centuries ago, but cloth was made and sold at Winchester down to modern times; men are living who can remember driving in to the fair with their fathers to buy a roll of blue cloth, out of which the family suits were made for the year. The bishop and the convent of St. Swithun, beside their profits from tolls, took an active part in the traffic, having stalls in the fair. Whether the bishop himself traded, or only let his booths, we know not. The convent dealt largely in foreign wines, and kept also a 'spicery,' or grocer's stall, and sold furs for the winter.

With the help of these sources of income Walkelin completed the Cathedral church and the chapter-house, of which the western portal and the monks' seats along the north side alone remain; he also built the great cloister, and in a 'solar' or upper chamber over it established the Scriptorium, or writing-chamber, whence for centuries came forth those beautiful illuminated manuscripts, which made the Winchester school famous. One of these masterpieces, a fine copy of the Vulgate, written towards the end of the twelfth century, is still the pride of the Cathedral Library.

In all these matters Walkelin proved himself an admirable bishop; but in the controversies which raged between Rufus and Anselm we see him in his character as a warm supporter of the royal power, as became no doubt the king's kinsman. This appears when in 1097 Rufus presided in a Gemót at Winchester, in which the strife with Anselm grew so sharp that

the archbishop insisted on crossing the seas to Rome, to lay the state of the Church before the Pope. William, backed by Walkelin and Ranulf Flambard, was determined, if possible, to keep Anselm in England; for his disclosures would have been very damaging. In this year Ranulf Flambard held in his hands 'sixteen great churches, the seats of bishops or abbots, and was wringing all the substance out of them; in many other places the clergy had to pay large sums yearly to the king:—it wearied them of life.' It is probable that even William felt some respect for the saintly archbishop; he seems to have controlled himself far beyond his wont in his dealings with Anselm. In 1097 a fierce controversy raged respecting the archbishop in the hall of Winchester Castle. There, as a rule, the bishops sided with the king, for they had little of Anselm's sense of the wrong done to the Church, and supported the king, as they shrank from the Pope's interference. And so in conference with Anselm they put Walkelin forward as their spokesman. He tried to bend the archbishop by referring to the splendour of his position as the English Patriarch. 'Why abandon the honour of so great a post to take shelter at Rome?' he cried; 'surely you will not stand by such a plan?' But Anselm would not yield. The bishops chimed in: 'We are all but simple folk, and dislike such remedies; we must keep our incomes and stick to our king.' 'Yes!' replied Anselm, 'you to your lord, and I to God.' The nobles tried him next, taking higher and constitutional ground. An appeal to Rome, they urged, is a breach of allegiance, and of the promises made by you to your prince. And then Anselm

unshaken rose from his seat and went into the other chamber, seating himself by the king's side. The king tried persuasion and threats in vain: Anselm crossed the seas, 'because in this land things wrong and unjust were being done,' and sought the protection of the Papacy, the one shelter for the oppressed in those dark days. Walkelin does not come out well by the side of this strong hero of the Church. Anselm lost all for what was right, so making protest against the scandals of the reign; Walkelin was made joint-regent with Ranulf Flambard, and became partaker in his iniquities. His death, which took place in 1098, seemed like a direct punishment for his complicity; for the king had ordered him to transmit two hundred marks without delay, and Walkelin, 'seeing that without squeezing the poor or robbing churches no such sum could be got together, grew aweary of his life, and prayed God to be taken hence; and God heard him, and he passed away ten days later.' They buried him in the very midst of the great church that he had built.

Two years later, the choir of the Cathedral saw another notable funeral. They had brought William Rufus, dripping gore, 'in the crazy two-wheeled cart of a charcoal-burner, drawn by a sorry nag.' They had come probably over the Test at Romsey, then through the woodlands, across which William had often ridden on his way to his hunting-ground in the Forest, as far as Hursley; then eastward to the hill-top over Otterbourne, where Winchester comes first in view; then across the Roman road from Clausentum, down into Compton Manor, and so between the river and the downs to Winchester. Tradition still points to two

parts of this route, one near Hursley, the other in Compton, as 'the King's Lane.' The body was buried right under the central tower of the Cathedral, with scanty honours and dry eyes. The Norman 'dos d'âne' tomb, which now stands where Rufus was laid below ground, has long, in popular esteem, been his resting-place. This, however, cannot be proved; the stone formerly stood elsewhere, and two centuries ago it certainly was not thought to be his tomb, for writers of that period say that his remains were placed in the chests constructed by Bishop Fox, as in fact the inscription on those chests also states. Stowe, writing in 1592, says 'he is buried at Winchester in the Cathedral church or monastery of Saynt Swithen, under a playne flat marble stone before the lecterne in the queere, but long since his bones were translated in a coffer, and layd with King Cnutes bones.'

His brother Henry, when he heard of his death, rode straight from the Forest to Winchester, so as to be there before any could forestall him; and there the Witan at once met to decide as to the succession. Among the nobles many still wished for Duke Robert rather than this youngest of the Conqueror's sons; but Robert was indolently enjoying Southern Italy, and his friends were not strong enough without him to delay the election. And so the English party, desiring the English-born, English-speaking prince, carried the day and elected Henry as King of England. He without delay conferred the See of Winchester on William Giffard, who had been his brother's chancellor, and now became his also.

To no prince has history been kinder than to

Henry I. He came between two of the worst of kings, and his peaceful rule has hidden from sight much of the real misery of his reign. Even his immoralities have done his name no harm; his cleverness, and flattering name of Beauclerc, given him in later days, have stood him in good stead with after-ages. He was as much of an irresponsible and fierce despot as the others; but with tendencies good, not bad; and his keen intelligence showed him that the bolder courses are the safer. We find his sharp severities working for the good of his poor subjects; the false-moneyer was horribly mutilated, thieves were hanged, and order secured. His days were days of peace, though burdened with crushing taxes, and almost ceaseless pangs of hunger.

By nothing did Henry so much enhance his early reputation as by his politic marriage with Eadgyth or Edith, 'the good Queen Molde.' She was of 'right English king's kin,' being daughter of Margaret of Scotland, and granddaughter of Edmund Ironside. For education she had been placed under her aunt, the abbess of the nunnery at Romsey. Here the tale runs that she had had a narrow escape. William Rufus with his rough followers came once to the nunnery gate, declaring that he wanted to have sight of his fair young cousin, then twelve years old. But the abbess with all haste dressed the girl in nun's attire, and placed her among the sisters; then opening the gates she let in the throng, greeting the king courteously, and inviting him into the cloisters, that he might see her garden and the lovely roses for which Romsey was famed. While they stood there, as if by

chance, the procession of nuns filed by; and when the king saw the young Matilda veiled, he ventured no further, but took to horse and rode away. With the next suitor things went very differently. The lively damsel hated convent rule and the restraints of the veil, and when her aunt's back was turned, tore off the habit and trampled it under foot; so that when King Henry appeared she was eager to be free, and appealed for leave to marry him. The archbishop declared her not a nun, and so in the summer of 1100 they were duly wedded by Anselm at Westminster. She was a fair woman, rather light of spirit and fanciful, kind to all weak forlorn creatures, and specially friendly towards those 'clerici bene melodi,' who could sing sweetly to her. At first she and her spouse had a peaceful life at Winchester, where people gave them the significant if somewhat contemptuous nicknames of Godric and Godgifu or Godiva. She bare him two children, of whom the elder was born in Winchester Castle; they were William, who perished in the White Ship, and Matilda.

Less than a year after this marriage the Norman nobles again broke out. The 'head men of the land' invited over Duke Robert; he landed at Porchester or at Portsmouth, and, joined by many Norman gentlemen, marched on Winchester. Hearing however that the queen was there lying in of her first child he declared that 'villain would he be who should attack lady in such case,' and marched past the city Londonwards. Henry met him at Alton, some twenty miles on the way; and there, instead of fighting, came negotiations. Easy-tempered Robert accepted a pension and withdrew.

Never again so long as Henry reigned was England molested from abroad.

During these harassing days St. Swithun's at Winchester had been a spot of light in the gloom; it was peacefully ruled by one of the wisest and most distinguished men of the time, Prior Godfrey, an author, a poet, and, for the times, a man of letters. His character and career are admirably given by William of Malmesbury: 'Many works and letters are there, written in his easy pleasing style; above all satirical epigrams, and verses in praise of the chief men of England. At St. Swithun's, he restored all things sacred to their right condition, by touching them all with his own grace. Religion and hospitality he impressed on his monks, and still they hold to it; for in this house is room for all, for travellers by land or sea; its expenditure is unstinted, and acts of kindness ceaseless. Humble too was Godfrey, that holy man.' A native of Cambray, he had been a monk in the Old Minster, and vied with Prior Simeon in gifts to the Cathedral. He ruled over the house seven and twenty years, and did much to give it that literary and artistic tone which long distinguished it. Many priors of St. Swithun were skilful or learned; many promoted to be bishops or abbots. The good name of the house, its nearness to the throne, and the eminence of its bishops, are illustrated by these many promotions.

There is a little incident belonging to this period which throws light on the boasted peace of Henry's reign, while it also proves that men looked to St. Swithun's Convent as a place of refuge. In 1109

Gerold, Abbot of Tewkesbury, formerly a monk of the Old Minster, 'being unwilling or unable to satisfy the royal mind with gifts,' fled from his post to Winchester for solace, and hid himself from the wearisome world within the convent gates, among his ancient comrades. It is pleasant to think of the House as a haven where the troubled could rest, safe from the grinding exactions of King Henry.

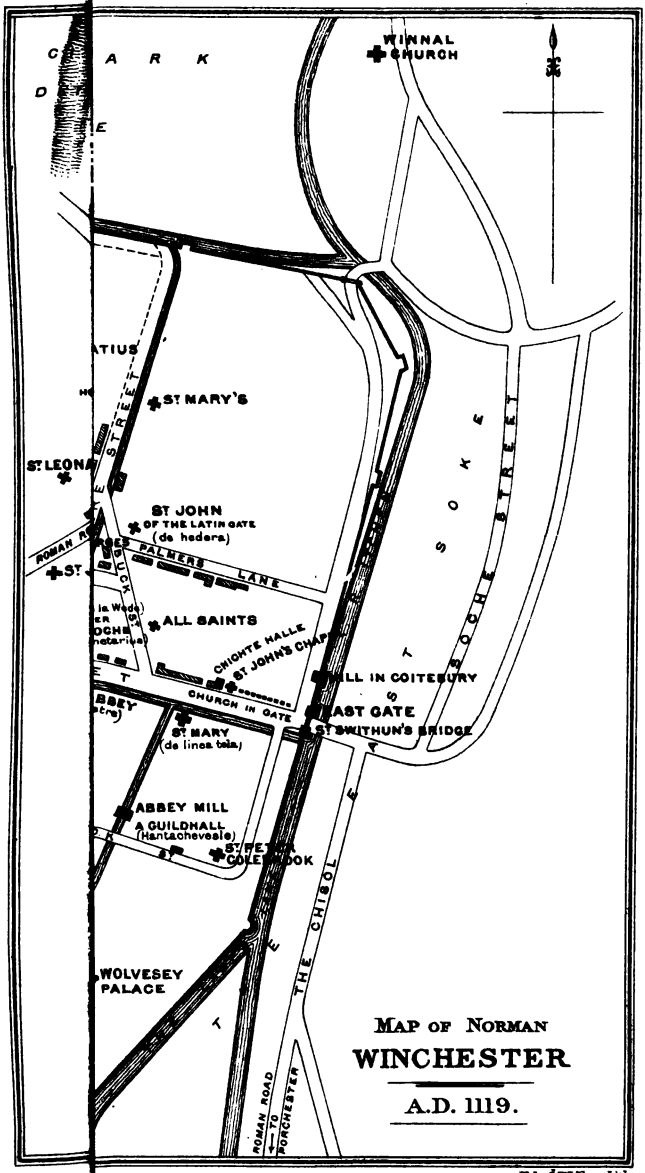
CHAPTER VIII.

A MEDIÆVAL CITY.

The Winton Domesday—Scope of the inquiry—High Street—The Knights' Hall—The three Guilds—The Prison—Godbiete House—Queen Edith's Stalls—The Jews' quarter—Buildings outside Westgate—South side of High Street—Guildhall—Palace of William I.—The ecclesiastical buildings—Population—Occupations—The building of Hyde Abbey—William Giffard as Bishop—His quarrel with the monks of St. Swithun—His latter end—Punishment of minters.

WHEN the Conqueror sent his commissioners through England he purposely omitted the two capitals. His son Henry thought well to repair the gap for Winchester. His book begins thus: 'The Book of the King's lands paying land-tax and Brug (bridge-tax) in Winchester, as in the days of King Edward.'

'Henry the King, wishing to know what King Edward had in Winchester in his lordship, ordered it to be inquired of and approved under oath of burghers.' This was done by eighty-six of the better burghers, in the presence of William the Bishop, and Herbert the Chamberlain, Ralph Basset and Geoffrey Ridel, and William of Pont de l'Arche. 'And these burghers having taken oath began to inquire from the east gate *ethergingis*' (that is, either-ways, up one side and down the other).



MAP OF NORMAN
WINCHESTER
A.D. 1119.

Edwd. Weller. lith.

The names of two of these commissioners give us a date-limit for this book. William Giffard was not bishop till 1107, and Geoffrey Ridel perished in the White Ship in 1119. The date lies between these points.

The number of citizens employed for this purpose appears to indicate a large population, and many things to be inquired into. The work of these sworn burghers is an interesting proof of the early importance of the civic life of Winchester. The terms of the inquiry, as it deals only with king's lands paying land-tax and bridge-tax, seriously limit our area of information; for the ecclesiastical possessions in the city are excluded, and we learn nothing from it about the many churches with which it was crowded. For all this, the actual survey is full and interesting. We learn from it much respecting trades and handicrafts, names of streets, and the life and dignity of this mediæval city.

In Henry's day, as before and since, the High Street was the most important feature of the city; with it the commissioners began. They call it 'Cyp Street,' which is the same as the London 'Cheap-side,' and also the Market Street, from its trade, stalls or shambles; in the middle part, at least, it is also styled the 'Callis Regia,' or the King's Way, and, perhaps rather later, the 'Summus Vicus.' In the north-east corner of the city, where clear streams ran down every lane, there were tanners and the sheds and pits of fullers, a flourishing and numerous tribe, who took their part in the staple cloth-manufacture. One lane was called from them 'Tanners' Street;' and by the wall just

north of Eastgate was the great fullers' mill in 'Coitebury.'

Soon after their start, the commissioners came to an important building, the lower 'Chenicte-halla,' or Knights' Hall; the knights had another hall near the west gate. It is probable that, beside their other uses, these two halls were clubs or guardrooms for the young men, who were expected to strengthen, in any time of stress, the defences of the east and west gates. It is not quite clear who these knights were; the name is a title of honour for youths of good standing, such as 'pages, young freemen not yet full citizens, also young nobles.' They could sign deeds, take part in trades, wear swords, and 'drink their guild' at their clubs. As a guild they probably had more important duties; for if we may argue from the parallel of the London Knights' Guild, the body had the charge of the city, and was in fact the original civic corporation of Winchester. As in London, the alderman of the Knights' Guild probably became also the alderman of the Guild Merchant. Whatever they were or were to be, they entirely disappeared after a time, absorbed, as seems probable, into the Guild Merchant.

From one passage in the Winton Domesday we may gather that there were three Guilds in the city 'reddebant homines *des tregilda* xxxvd.,' where the 'tregilda' were probably the Guild Merchant, the Knights' Guild, and the Palmers', or pilgrims', house of call, which was 'fratrum et sororum,' as would be natural in the case of pilgrims. There is also a very strange word, the 'Hantachevesle,' of which (whatever is the meaning of the ending) the beginning seems to be a somewhat early appearance in

England of the word 'Hansa.' This 'Hantachevesle' was probably the Guild Hall of the merchants halfway up High Street. These Halls, beside being centres and rallying places for the trades, were also used as club-houses, as the phrase 'ubi potabant gildam suam' shows; and the usual results followed when a number of more or less easy and idle people met. St. Anselm, in a letter addressed to a Norman monk of Winchester, chides him sharply for acting 'inordinate, maxime imbibendo, ita ut *in gildis* cum ebriosis bibat et cum eis inebrietur.'

After leaving the Knights' Hall the commissioners came to a little nest of houses, more or less dependent on St. Swithun's, and occupied no longer by 'good men,' but by the poor. 'Here there used to be one good citizen, now poor folk,' and at the next house, 'here T.R.E. were two good citizens, now none but paupers,' and next 'formerly one good citizen, now none'; and then, ominously enough, came '*le Balcheus* regis,' the Balk-house (Blockhouse, *blocus*), 'where robbers lay in prison'; then the houses of eight 'carnifices.' All along this central portion of the street—and we have come over against the royal palace—were stalls and shambles along the highway, increasing in number as you went higher up the street, reaching its highest at the interesting 'Domus Godbiete,' on the north side, 'which was tax-free T.R.E. and is so still.' This building or enclosure was surrounded with butchers' shambles, so that the little church in it was styled the Church of St. Peter 'in macellis.' The narrow roadway by it used to be 'Butchers' Row,' and the rest of the street (now styled St. Peter's Street after the

vanished church) was Fleshmongers' Street. Godbiete was a place of some importance, a manor held under the Prior and Convent of St. Swithun, and a sanctuary; in St. Peter's tower hung the bell which for centuries rang out the Curfew at eight of the clock. The spot had been originally bequeathed to the Convent by Queen Emma herself, and her son's charter confirming it, one of the treasures of the Cathedral Library, was issued in 1052 or 1053. In it 'Edward King greets Stigand Bishop and Godwine Earl and all the burghmen in Winchester friendly. And I give you to wit that I have granted that the will should stand which my mother bequeathed to Christ and St. Peter and St. Swithun, and the company of the Old Minster; that is, the hay (hedge or enclosure) that men call *Ælfriches gods begeaton*.' From this it appears that the name God-beate signifies a place or privileged house granted to God. This remarkable enclosure in the midst of the town was independent of the city, and kept its own liberties, in spite of king or mayor, down to 1541, when it seems to have disappeared, being merged in the city on the dissolution of the Convent. A Court Roll of 153$\frac{8}{9}$ (Cathedral Library) gives a complete account of the privileges it enjoyed. It runs thus:—

'*The Liberties of the Manor of Goodbeat.*

'The Prior and the Convent of Seynt Swythunys may hold thir Corte from wyke to wyke and from three wyke to three wyke, and as ofte as they will by ther Stuarde. Also they shall have amercements for brekynge of ther cisis of ther brede and ale, and, savth blodshedynge outecrysse of all the tenants bydynge

withyn the bound of ye seid Manor: also the said Prior and Convent shall have all maner of goodes weyfyd straifs catell and goods of felonnys fugitifs and all other avaylis and profytts y^t^ may happen wyth yn ye bounds of ye maner and yf eny man or woman for any felony clayme the liberte of Goodbeat and enter hit in eny house or place of ye same may byde and dwelle safe from eny maner officer. Also that no mynyster of ye Kynge nether of none other lords of franchese shall do eny execucon wyth yn the bounds of ye seid maner but all only ye mynystours of ye seid Prior and hys Convent, and the seid Prior and Convent have be sesond of all y^es^ libertis and eche of thes on such tyme and tymys of ye wyche no mynd is.'

This is the last declaration of the independence of the liberty of Godbiete. From 952 to 1541, hard on six centuries, this singular anomaly was kept up, not without ill-feeling and resistance, as the Rolls prove plainly. The city could not well endure a refuge for criminals in the very heart of its own jurisdiction; and hot-tempered officers of the corporation now and then broke in and carried offenders away out of Godbiete to the common prison, not without much clamour and remonstrance, more or less effectual, from the prior and convent, supported by the bishop. A somewhat parallel instance of a similar kind of jurisdiction is that of St. Martin's-le-Grand in London, a Peculiar, the dean and canons of which had right of asylum and sanctuary for offenders within its bounds, and held their own courts as lords of manor, and were often at variance with the mayor and corporation of London.

Just above Godbiete stood a row of stalls, 'escheopes,' which used to belong to Edith, Earl Godwine's daughter, Edward's queen. We know not whether the ancient hostelry of the George, at the corner of Alwarene (the Mercers') Street and High Street, was there so early as this period; it is an inn of very high antiquity, and certainly existed, under the name of 'The George,' in the fourteenth century. A few yards higher up the hill, exactly opposite the point at which Gold Street (now Southgate Street) opens into High Street, the old Roman road in Norman times went on, under the name of Scowertene Street (Shoemakers' Street), to the north gate in a direct line; and though it is now entirely swept away, the boundaries of house property still run along it, marking clearly the line of the old roadway. In Scowertene Street, not far from High Street, in the very heart of the city, stood the 'Synagoga Judæorum,' and the district round it was the Jewry. The Winchester Jews, favoured by William the Conqueror, were an important body, unmolested even in the dark days of King John. A little above this was the famous Wool Staple Hall; higher again, in High Street itself, the Upper Knights' Hall; and beyond it, close to the west gate, Queen Emma's private house, which 'was tax free, and is so still.'

Here the commissioners, passing through Westgate, looked outside the city, where there was a large population, several churches, and a kind of park, wherein stood the royal 'Domus Hafoc,' or hawks' house, with a 'Domus Safugel,' or seafowls' house, on the other side; also a spital for lepers (there was another outside Kingsgate, and probably a third on the eastern hill);

and five 'bordelli,' or shanties, put up 'for love of God,' wherein belated travellers might shelter for the night. Overlooking all this was the Castle to the south of the gate, which dominated the city and has played a great part in local history.

The south side of High Street is very scantily described, and calls for no remark (though it is not unlikely that the Gild Merchant Hall stood on the site of the present old Guildhall at the corner of St. Thomas' Street), until Minster Street is reached. Here was the site of the 'twelve houses of burghers,' which William destroyed when he built his palace. Within this oblong enclosure stood that remarkable group of public buildings, now completely gone, which were the Public Offices of that age. Just below this Palace were the ruins of the New Minster, then lately pulled down to supply stone for Hyde Abbey; beyond this, standing back in the Great Churchyard, the stately Old Minster or Cathedral, and the buildings of St. Swithun's to the south of it, with pleasant closes stretching to and beyond the city walls. The ground on which St. Mary's College now stands was then a 'viridarium et deambulatorium S. Swithuni,' quiet meads wherein the brethren strolled and dreamed awhile. All round the eastern and southern walls lay the 'Soke,' the independent jurisdiction of the bishop, with its own courts held within the walls of St. Swithun's Priory, and a taxation probably lighter than that within the city.

The general impression the Survey leaves is that the houses were few and the population small; perhaps at most from six to eight thousand souls, and even this number was diminished in and after King Stephen's days.

Much of the space within the walls was in gardens or fields, much was occupied by the churches and closes around them; the record of houses even in the streets is scanty. But small as the population may have been, it was very important and full of life. The wealthier clergy were numerous; the goldsmiths pointed to wealth and skill; the city had a doctor, a chemist, and several moneyers or minters. The street-names tell of flourishing trades: Snitheling (Tailors') Street, Shoemakers', Alwarene (Mercers'), Fleshmongers', Parchment-dealers or makers', Shield-makers', Tanners'—all on the north side. The streets on the south indicate the genteel population, untouched by trade. The names in the Domesday point to much variety of race; there are not a few Scandinavians, descendants, perhaps, of those whom Edgar encouraged, or whom Cnut brought in his train; many French or Norman names, and the rest mostly plain English folk, showing the gradual growth of double names, mostly as nick-names. Among the Normans were many who had held houses before the Conquest, under Edward the Confessor.

At the time of the Survey the monks of the New Minster were full of activity. Ever since the Norman Conquest St. Grimbald's Church had been suffering terribly throughout the two reigns, and though, when Henry came, active oppression ceased, another evil befell the ill-fated Abbey. For, thanks to mills placed by the Normans on the stream below, and to the attempt to fill the city ditches with water by bringing a supply from a higher level, the lower parts of the city became swampy and waterlogged. Now the Old Minster appears to have suffered only in its crypts, which were

flooded, till the floor had to be raised from three to four feet by layers of soil, but the New Minster became so damp and unhealthy that the impoverished monks were attacked with sore rheumatic pains. They therefore petitioned King Henry to be allowed to move the Abbey to a better site, and their prayer was backed up by Bishop William Giffard. Henry therefore granted them a charter permitting them to settle a little way outside the north gate of the city, on the eastern side of the Roman road which still runs through that gate towards Silchester and London. Here they founded their new buildings by the side of the cool meadows bordering the river, and on the little tributary, the Hyde, which, rising hard by in Headbourne Worthy, ran into the city ditch, and so passed into the Itchen. Here Hyde Abbey rose, only just above the water-level, low enough to have, as usual, a scouring stream of clear water under the buildings. By 1110 the buildings were ready, and the monks moved to their future home, bearing with them the great silver cross given by Cnut and Emma, the shrine of St. Josse, and the bones of the kings and saints buried in their midst. The old buildings were pulled down; the site was surrendered into the king's hands, and given over to the bishop and the monks of St. Swithun. It now forms, in the main, the northernmost part of the Cathedral yard. St. Maurice's Church, probably the church for the Abbey servants, stands still on the old site, a modern church with one Norman gateway into the churchyard. If the poor monks in their new home hoped for a tranquil future, with new revenues from the five days added to St. Giles's Fair, they were soon undeceived: the severities

of Bishop Henry of Blois, and the subsequent miseries of the civil war, destroyed all their hopes, and brought their fair new buildings to the dust.

In 1107, the year in which Walkelin's central tower fell, the quarrel between Henry and St. Anselm was compromised, and William Giffard, nominated long before, was consecrated bishop of the see. He had been chancellor to three kings, and was a man of good parts and character, fond of state and pomp, and always gentle and peaceable. His position was not easy; for not only was Henry rapacious, but the bishop had to rebuild the central tower of the Cathedral, a work requiring large substructures, and piers of unusual strength. We have an example of the king's ways, when in 1111 he ordered the bishop to provide him with a great 'Benevolence' of eight hundred marks. For these heavy drains on his purse Bishop William taxed all his episcopal resources, and further laid hands on property belonging to St. Swithun's, which he took, we may presume, as abbot. Hence arose, says a Chronicler of the day, 'an enormous discord between William the Bishop and his monks, touching the dilapidation of their estates, and specially by reason of nine churches which he took from them. They, being otherwise powerless, reversed their crosses, head down, feet up, and made procession barefoot,' round the broad triforium, 'against the sun, contrary to ecclesiastical use, to signify that as the bishop, against the canons of the church, had taken their living, so they would serve his church against right and law. The king favoured the monks, the bishop was backed by the magnates of England,' and the local squabble was mag-

nified by political jealousy between the Crown and the Norman lords. This quarrel lasted some years, until it came to an end in 1124 by royal mediation. 'Then,' says the Chronicler, 'at the king's command the bishop entered the chapter house alone, and the monks barefoot, and stripped to the waist (as if for flagellation), fell before him, promising full satisfaction whereinsoever they had offended. And the bishop, seeing such humility and compunction, also fell at their feet, for he was a man of perfect piety and a most gentle spirit, and he restored all they had lost by him.'

After this pleasant scene the bishop became the loving brother and friend of the monks of St. Swithun. He lived in common life with them, and in the refectory would sit in the lowest room among the novices. On returning to Winchester he would dismount at the minster doors, and speak fatherly words to the assembled convent, and in cloister or refectory give them his benediction as they knelt before him. He would also join them in their 'meridian,' or midday sleeping hour, a comfortable institution in monasteries. During all the warmer half of the year the monks retired after their midday dinner to the dormitory and had a quiet hour of sleep. 'Whoso,' says the Rule of St. Victor at Paris, 'desires to read instead of sleeping, must take great heed lest by turning over the leaves of his manuscript he make a crackling noise,' to disturb the more placid sleepers. So jealously did they guard against any intrusion of work. At last Bishop Giffard took the cowl, and in 1128 died as a monk in the infirmary of the convent.

A little before his death he was probably present at

a horrible, if salutary, act of justice. The miseries of the land grew ever worse, till Henry took things into his own hands, hung robbers, and looked after the coin of the realm. Minting was originally a simple affair; each large town had one or more royal moneyers, and the mints, being under no central control, could not resist the temptation to utter light and debased money. Things grew ever worse till 1125, 'the dearest year of all,' when 'the horse-load of corn sold for six shillings.' Then the king summoned all minters to Winchester, with their coin, and all whose work was found bad were horribly mutilated, and their right of coining taken from them. The Winchester Annals, with a touch of pardonable pride, declare that while all other moneyers were condemned, the three Winchester men stood the test blameless, and were dismissed with honour. These severities both limited the number of mints, and improved the quality of the coin issued, and, as a natural consequence of the greater and more certain value of money, prices fell. By degrees the business of minting was concentrated in London, under strict supervision; in the fourteenth century Winchester coins have become rare, and from the days of Henry VI. they altogether cease.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DAYS OF HENRY OF BLOIS, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. A.D. 1129–1171.

Close of reign of Henry I.—Position of Henry of Blois at Winchester—Stephen secures the Winchester treasure—Castle-building—Wolvesey strengthened—Council of Winchester, 1139—Empress Matilda at Winchester—Negotiations with London—Civil war at Winchester—The city burnt—Escape of the Empress from the Castle—Close of the strife—Henry II. succeeds - Career of Henry of Blois—His character and end—Relics of him in Winchester Cathedral.

In 1129 Henry of Blois, younger brother of Stephen of Boulogne, afterwards king, was made Bishop of Winchester by his uncle, Henry I.; and was for years the most prominent figure in the country. At this time he was but twenty-eight years old, with a spirit stirred to bold and new designs.

When Henry's hopes of an heir-male ceased, he tried to secure his crown for his daughter Matilda. With threats and terrifying shouts he forced the oath to her on his nobles; when she made her unhappy second marriage with Geoffrey of Anjou they had declared their oaths null, because they had sworn allegiance to a widow, not to a married woman. In 1133 was born the boy Henry, destined to be a great king, the future Henry II. of England. In 1135 Henry I. died.

All was now ready for a great outbreak. Henry of Blois, set at Winchester to protect the interests of the Empress Matilda, was too keen a politician, and too ambitious a man, to support one side alone; he balanced and changed parties as seemed best to suit the interests he had at heart. He aimed at being a third primate in England, as Archbishop of Winchester—the equal of Canterbury and York, if not their superior, in power and influence—and framed his partisanship largely with an eye to this ambition. It followed, almost of necessity, that he became mixed up with the shifty doings of the times, and was accused of mere self-seeking and treachery towards both parties. The ruinous strife of the following eighteen years, lasting till Stephen's death, had in it no heroism or patriotism. There were at least four groups: barons fighting for themselves, bishops the same, the Empress Matilda struggling for her child-son Henry, and, fourthly, King Stephen. The empress seemed feeblest of all, being at first weakly supported, and upheld only by the vigour of her half-brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester. London inclined to Stephen, and became his headquarters. Winchester was the chief seat of the struggle. The bishops and barons used their rough retainers; the empress and Stephen leant on mercenaries, and sucked up the loose band of men now floating about England, as well as Flemings and others. 'Neither king nor empress was lord of those who followed them; all fought for their own hand.'

From London Stephen came down to Winchester, counting on his brother, and with an eye to the treasure stored in the palace, for 'mickle had Henry King

gathered of gold and silver, and no good came of it to his own soul,' says the sad Chronicle. It was not however till Stephen had won over Roger of Salisbury and William of Pont de l'Arche, keepers of the hoard, that he got the keys of the treasure-house. Had he used it well he might have secured the throne; he only knew how to 'divide and scatter it like a sot.' And now at once the nobles began to fortify their castles, the bishops taking the lead. Henry of Blois began the movement by enlarging and strengthening Wolvesey with a great tower, chambers, and walls, till it grew into a formidable stronghold. The other bishops followed; the lay-lords were not far behind, so that 'there was no one of weight but he either built or strengthened his castle,' till there were 1,115 of these 'adulterine' fortresses—built, that is, without royal sanction—in this country. Stephen, alarmed by this growth, and above all by the power of Bishop Roger and his nephew, suddenly, in 1139, seized and imprisoned at Oxford three bishops who were some of the chief builders, and tried to force them to surrender their castles. Instead of checking the movement he only brought it to a head; all England rushed into the fray. Henry of Winchester sided with the bishops against his brother, and held a legatine council at Winchester, before which he actually cited his king to answer for the violence done to the bishops. To this council came the Archbishop of Canterbury and almost every English prelate, and in their presence Henry of Winchester produced a papal brief, which he had received some time before, and had reserved till now; the document named him legate, and by virtue of it he presided over the assembly, in spite of the pre-

sence of his ecclesiastical superior; and boldly took the lead in defence of the castle-builders and of the immunities of the clergy.

To this council Stephen sent his legal advocate, Aubrey de Vere, with instructions to delay business till his champion, the Archbishop of Rouen, could appear. William of Malmesbury tells the story of this conference at length; it ended in a compromise. The king's action in imprisoning bishops was condemned; on the other hand, all unauthorized castles belonging to bishops were to be surrendered; the king, by public penance, should bow to the censures of the Church.

A month later the Empress Matilda with Earl Robert and a handful of followers arrived in England. Ere long, when Stephen had been captured at Lincoln and carried prisoner to Bristol, the fortunes of the empress rose fast. She left the West, and arrived at Winchester, where she agreed to meet Bishop Henry in conference. On the third Sunday in Lent, 'a day dark and rainy, as if the fates threatened,' the bishop with a great retinue, issuing from the east gate, climbed the hill above, and met the empress and Earl Robert. She was very conciliatory, and swore that in all great matters, specially in preferments, she would defer to his judgment if he would swear allegiance to her. And this he promised, hoping thus to fill all offices with his friends. And so, after oaths taken, the next day he led her with great state to the west gate of the Cathedral; she entered escorted by bishops, abbots, and priors, with the nuns of St. Mary's Abbey marching unveiled before her. After a solemn service she withdrew to the Castle, and seemed at last to have prevailed. Archbishop

Theobald and other prelates, who had visited Stephen in his prison, and had got his leave 'to submit to the needs of the time,' came to Winchester Castle, and swore fealty to the empress-queen.

This point gained, London had still to be secured. Messengers were sent thither summoning the citizens to appear at a council to be held at Winchester. William of Malmesbury, who was present, gives a full and graphic account of it all. The legate, after saying that he had changed sides for good cause, put forward a high claim for the clergy, asserting that 'it chiefly was their right to elect as well as to crown their king,' and adding that in exercise of this right they had elected Matilda, and had summoned the Londoners. The citizens when they arrived were seen to be reserved, suspicious, and gloomy; in the name of the 'fraternity of London' they demanded Stephen's release. The legate would hear none of it. Hereupon a messenger from Stephen's queen arose, waving in his hand a writing. This the legate took and read, and declared it 'informal, unfit to be read in so august a company'; but the messenger, undaunted, himself read it aloud. It proved to be a letter from Queen Matilda, the king's wife, urging the bishops to release and restore their lord, King Stephen. The prayers of London citizens and the letter of a feeble queen availed nothing with Bishop Henry. At last the Londoners, very reluctantly, agreed to recognize and receive the empress, who forthwith proceeded to London, treating the citizens haughtily and foolishly, as if they had been defeated enemies. Consequently, after a short stay, she was fain to make another of her romantic escapes, to avoid falling

into their angry hands. Having failed in London, she failed still worse in her dealings with Henry of Blois, and entirely alienated him from her side.

Soon after this time, as it seems, the bishop, anxious to secure Winchester for Stephen, invited the chief citizens to a banquet at Wolvesey, and, when he had them safely there, proceeded to persuade them to go over to the king. But the Provost of Winchester, who had his suspicions, had slipped away before the gates were barred, and hastening up to the Castle secured it for the empress. Robert of Gloucester quickly brought her thither from Oxford, and Winchester Castle became their headquarters. She summoned Bishop Henry to appear, and he replied by the notable message, 'I will prepare myself,' which he did, by rallying all the men of Stephen's party to Wolvesey. And now 'all England was there in arms, with a great conflux of foreigners,' and war began. Earl Robert, to secure communications with Oxford and the West, placed garrisons at Andover and Wherwell, to hold the passage of the Test. The rival Matilda, Stephen's queen, marched on Winchester, and the roads were so closely blocked that the Castle began to feel the pinch of want. Andover was taken and burnt, the fort at Wherwell attacked, and the garrison driven into the abbey church, which, with the adjoining nunnery, was burnt to the ground; the poor ladies, 'with shrieks and lamentations,' rushing forth to save their lives.

And now ensued the struggle between the two Winchester Castles. From the high tower at Wolvesey burning missiles were hurled into the north-eastern parts of the city. The huts which then lined Cole-

brook Street were probably the first to blaze up; the venerable Nunnamenstre, lying between that lane and High Street, was also burnt to the ground. The wind carried the flames across the broad High Street, and the northern quarters were soon ablaze. Not even did the walls arrest the ruin; the stately buildings of Hyde Abbey were burnt and ruined. The destruction was terrible. Henry of Blois had always treated Hyde severely, taking its revenues for years; and now the rich treasures of the church were melted down, especially the famous cross, 'the image of our Lord on the cross, wrought with much profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones, by pious care of Cnut erst king, who gave it'; it was reduced to a shapeless mass, on which also Bishop Henry laid hands. The Abbey was reduced to desolation. Out of forty monks thirty took to flight; and nearly two centuries later Bishop Woodlock ordered a collection to be made throughout the diocese for the repair of the still-ruined buildings. Later in Henry's life the monks plucked up courage, and appealed to Rome, where they were warmly supported by no less a man than St. Bernard, and it was only by those 'best-understood arguments,' heavy bribes, that Bishop Henry succeeded in escaping the papal condemnation.

Most of the city now lay in ashes; two noble minsters and twenty churches had perished; the population was homeless. The empress happily made no reprisals from the upper ground; had she done so the venerable Cathedral and St. Swithun's buildings would also have been destroyed. It is the more to the credit of Earl Robert that he must have known by

this time that the cause of the empress was all but hopeless. Though the Castle was too strong to be stormed, hunger did its work; 'there was mickle want therein, and when men could thole it no longer, then stole they forth and fled.' Knighton has an absurd story about the empress's escape, which he says she made in a leaden coffin borne on the shoulders of her men. In whatever way it was, she and her little force escaped, except that Earl Robert, protecting the rear just outside the city, was snapped up by the bishop's men. In these wars few save the valueless common folk were slain; between his armour and his money-value the gentleman was fairly safe, and could well regard fighting as a pleasant pastime. The taking of Earl Robert settled this phase of the war. Stephen and he, the two heads, were prisoners; it remained only for the nobles of either party to make their terms and to exchange the captives. After some delay this was done, and the fiery wave of civil war rolled at last away from Winchester, leaving the city half destroyed.

As the young Henry grew up, his claim to the throne became more and more important. Death carried off his competitors, and when, finally, Eustace, King Stephen's son, died, the last obstacle to reconciliation disappeared. Stephen was easily persuaded to come to terms: so long as he lived he should be king unmolested, and on his death Henry should succeed him. Very soon after this compact Henry made joyful entry into Winchester, and the Treaty of Wallingford was ratified there. He passed through the streets, amid a vast concourse of citizens, who rent the air with glad acclaim; for they had always sided

with the empress against their bishop. The presence of the strong young duke seemed to them to signify the victory of their party, and the healing of those gaping wounds which threatened the very life of their city.

Nor had Henry long to wait. In 1154, on Stephen's death, he became king, and on his way to London for coronation was again heartily received by the citizens as he passed through Winchester.

During the dark years of Stephen's reign Henry of Blois had not been idle. His active and ambitious spirit was occupied with plans, bad or good, but always reflecting some growth of his own power. To have been legate, and so to sit above his archbishop, was a triumph while it lasted; but a new Pope might at any moment withdraw the legatine authority; and the bishop desired some more solid footing. He also does seem to have honestly tried to mitigate the evils of the time, and to be a kind of protector of the realm. In 1142, in a Winchester synod, he proclaimed 'plough sanctuary,' which defended the husbandman from pillage; for it gave to the plough, the farmer, and his horses, the same privileges as were enjoyed by churches: a welcome effort, if ineffectual, on behalf of the oppressed poor. His next effort was far more ambitious. In 1143 he persuaded his friend the Pope to allow the see of Winchester to become an archbishopric, with seven bishoprics under it. Had this been carried out, Winchester would have ranked with Canterbury and York, and Henry hoped, by securing one of the two archbishops, to become omnipotent in the English Church. To this end he obtained the see of York for his nephew, William Fitz-Herbert.

But the best-laid family plans fail, unless there is some reasonable support behind; and this scheme broke down. Pope Celestine both refused to ratify the archiepiscopal arrangement, and took the legatine authority away. Worse followed: Theobald of Canterbury, supported by a minority of the chapter at York, objected to the election of William Fitz-Herbert, the Pope sided with him, and, after a struggle, Archbishop William took refuge in St. Swithun's, and cast in his lot with the monks. Henry of Blois at last secured the archiepiscopal throne for his nephew; but all in vain! no sooner had he got back to York than he perished by poison, given him, it was whispered, by his own archdeacon, in the sacred chalice.

And now the Hyde monks 'appealed to the Holy Father against the dilapidation of their treasury, and spoliation of their great cross.' Henry was obliged to repair to Rome, where, though he won no great success, he was not censured. The final blow soon fell on him. The death of his brother Stephen destroyed his power; whether as a churchman or as a feudal lord he could do no more. Secretly he transmitted all his treasure abroad, and in 1155 stole away from England to Cluny, his old monastery, a disappointed and defeated man. His secret flight gave Henry II. a pretext for overthrowing the episcopal grandeur; the bishop's castles fell at once into his hands, and were pulled down without delay. The strong tower of Wolvesey was destroyed, the castles at Merdon and Bishop's Waltham were both overthrown; and the ruins of these episcopal strongholds still remain to show how lordly were Bishop Henry's conceptions. A few years later Henry of Blois

evidently made his peace with the king, and was again in England in 1159. Thenceforth he lived in peace at Winchester, winning golden opinions from the churchmen among whom he dwelt. When near his end he had a touching interview with the strong king, who came to Wolvesey to bid him a last farewell. The bishop, after chiding him 'durissime et dirissime' for his share in Becket's death, was seized with prophetic zeal, foretold the king's coming misfortunes, and so bade him a dark farewell. 'Never,' says the Winton Annalist (probably John of Devizes), writing in the Scriptorium at St. Swithun's, 'was any man more chaste or prudent, more pitiful, more eager to adorn his church in structure and wealth; he now passed to the Lord, whom he had loved with all his heart, whose ministers he had honoured even as the Lord Himself. May his soul lie in Abraham's bosom.'

So ended the career of one who was in some ways the greatest of Winchester bishops. We shall deem him quarrelsome and ambitious, or claim him as virtuous, beneficent, holy, as we regard his earlier or his later career. In truth, in those days every strong man had a mixed record. As castle-builder he took part in the turbulence of the nobles; as politician he changed sides; to advance himself he would have completely altered the English Church; as a soldier-bishop he is partly guilty of the horrors of the double siege of Winchester. On the other hand we have in him a magnificent noble and prelate, a lover of art, a man of good private life, benefactor to, as well as robber of, churches. In every phase of Stephen's chequered reign he was the most prominent figure: he was first of the great

political bishops; by blood near the throne, by position leader of a great party, we are reminded of Rudborne's phrase, when he is telling of Bishop Henry's rearrangement of the bones of the illustrious dead in the Cathedral—Henry the Bishop had placed them in new painted chests, 'reges cum episcopis, et episcopos cum regibus permixtos': in no bishop before or since were the royal and episcopal elements so closely interwoven.

He was collector of things beautiful or curious, for he had the artistic sense and the inquisitiveness of a great man; splendid things in silver and jewels had he; in Wolvesey he stored up classical statuary and carved work, which he had gathered together in Rome. In Winchester Cathedral he built a treasure-house, in the aisle where nave and south transept meet. It is architecturally curious and interesting, for two arches, richly adorned with toothed work, show a slight deviation from the semicircular form; and strange flat pilasters, probably from some classical reminiscence, run up the walls. He also enriched the Cathedral by collecting or translating relics, and placing them in fitting shrines. Two of his chests still remain in the church. He appears also to have given the fine font, of black slatestone, carved with symbolic forms, and with the miracles of St. Nicolas of Myra; it is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the treasures of the Cathedral. Henry also built the Hospital of St. Cross, in the meadows to the south of Winchester; in 1136 he had granted it a charter, which was not confirmed till sixteen years later, placing it under the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The old brethren with the ancient black gowns and the 'croix pattée' on their breasts still

pass the tranquil remainder of their days within the venerable walls.

Bishop Henry was buried in the Cathedral choir, in front of the high altar; there, some years ago, an ancient coffin was opened, and in it were the bones, remains of vestments, fragments of a wooden cross or crozier, and a massive square-set gold ring, with a sapphire in it. These are the relics of the powerful bishop, who for a time was the chief man in England. Just as once civic Winchester almost overshadowed London, so ecclesiastical Winchester, in the person of the legate Henry, seemed to sit even above Canterbury; in wealth the see was always richer; in power also, for a moment, it took the highest place.

CHAPTER X.

WINCHESTER UNDER THE ANGEVIN KINGS.
A.D. 1154–1216.

The House of Anjou at Winchester—Queen Eleanor—Marriage negotiations for Joanna—Relaxation of monastic strictness there—New and stricter Orders—Changes in architecture, shown by Bishop Lucy's work—Winchester a seat of letters—The Jews there—King John at Winchester—Louis of France takes the city—John's death.

THE advent of the house of Anjou made a great change in the position of Winchester. The foreign possessions of that house, and the high spirit of the kings, which led them into adventures far away, both gave Winchester a breathing-time in which to recover from her miseries, and taught her no longer to deem herself the centre of the realm. For twenty years Henry II. seems never to have set foot within the city, though his eldest son held court there in 1167.

What Winchester lost in dignity, she gained in brilliancy. Eleanor, Henry's queen, who often resided there, enlivened the city with mysteries, miracle-plays, and merry shows, in which, as in other branches of literary or artistic skill, the monks of St. Swithun, her especial friends, took active part. The city was also the seat of not a few important gatherings. Of

these the first came when in 1172 the 'young king,' Henry's son Henry, was crowned in the Cathedral, with Margaret of France his spouse. The narrative of the ceremony given by Gervase of Canterbury shows how the struggle between the two archbishops coloured everything. 'Louis,' he says, 'was angry because Margaret had not been crowned with young Henry; wherefore Henry the King sent them both to be crowned together in Winchester by the Archbishop of Rouen. This was again to the slight of Canterbury: first he had been crowned by Roger of York, the natural rival, and now by a bishop from another realm at Winchester.'

This archiepiscopal jealousy appears again at Winchester in 1175, when Henry II. met the Papal legate Hugh on this very subject. Again in 1176 Henry was in the city on the same errand, and brought about only a kind of truce, which allayed for a time the unseemly rivalry.

It was probably about this time that Henry did his best to satisfy his unruly sons. 'As the Easter feast drew nigh the king came to Winchester, and sent for the king his son (Henry), who lay then at Porchester, to come to Winchester. Richard also and Geoffrey landed at Southampton on Good Friday, and next day went forward and were welcomed by their father with great joy; and he, right glad to have his sons around him, kept the high feast with them, John being still absent, with all the earls and barons of the realm.' For Henry II. really desired to be on friendly terms with the wild young men. For a moment a gleam of peace and happiness lit up the darkness of his reign.

In 1177 also Henry was much at Winchester. Early in the year he ordered all sheriffs and bailiffs to make a new Domesday survey of all holdings, and to report what were held in chief, by whom, on what terms, and how fulfilled; also as to all subinfeudation or subdivision of fiefs; the report to be made into the Winchester Treasury by Easter. Later in this year the city was thronged with 'earls and barons and well-nigh every king's man, with horse and arms, a vast levy, ready to follow their lord'; the king's ships lay waiting at Portsmouth and Southampton. But after huge turmoil in Winchester and the ports, all were dismissed till the next July; and the king summoned a council at Winchester. Henry himself, who had impatiently gone forward to 'Stokes, near Portsmouth,' fell ill of an old wound, and had to return to Winchester, as to a healthy and restful home, where he could quietly await better weather and a fair wind; for even in those early days the city was famed, as it still is, for healthfulness.

It is probable that in this period of enforced leisure Henry thought out his plan, which has ruled the administration of justice in England ever since, for circuits of the justices. The new itinerant system began in 1179, and Hampshire stands first in the list of the four circuits, the headquarters of administration being still at Winchester.

The arrangements made by Bishop Henry for the governance of the Hospital of St. Cross soon worked so badly that Bishop Richard Toclive appealed to Henry II. for help against the grasping temper and acts of the Knights of St. John. And as, in 1185, Heraclius, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, came to

Winchester, hoping to obtain aid for the Holy Land, the king besought his intervention in the disputes which had arisen respecting the government of the Hospital. With the patriarch's help, the king made the knights surrender the Hospital to the bishop, on receipt in return of two churches, Morton and Hanyton. And though the Pope afterwards replaced the knights, the bishops were too strong for them; early in the thirteenth century they formally surrendered all their claims, and ceased to have jurisdiction over the Hospital.

The frequent presence at Winchester of the kings, the permanent residence there of the queens, and the grandeur of the bishops, who lived mainly at Wolvesey, gave a great sense of wealth and prosperity to the city, though, in truth, such high patronage had also its drawbacks. Thus in 1188 a singular and mysterious outrage took place in the Cathedral church itself. While the affair may have simply been the plucking of some clerical culprit out of ill-deserved sanctuary, it may on the other hand have been a scandalous assault on those few liberties which still protected clerks against the violence of the feudal lords. 'Into the church at Winchester came men at arms, who feared not in the least to lay hands on the Lord's anointed, dragging out of the building some of God's ministers, and acting under the nefarious prompting and orders of certain magnates.'

Another result of royal visits was the partial relaxation of the rules of monastic life, and the desire for some reform. St. Swithun's was always tempted to enlarge its secular work, and to emphasize its position in the world. That House played a part in politics, it had its own home and foreign trade, and

enjoyed complete authority over two of the city gates. We hear that it had early abandoned the plain simplicity of monastic life, introducing richer food and more meagre duties. For St. Swithun's lay right in the world's gangway. The effect of this is seen in the dissatisfaction shown by many of the brethren, who felt that the convent walls did not shut out the world. Men of sadder spirit were moved to leave the too social life in community, and to join one of the more ascetic bodies now settling here and there in England. Not long ago Bishop William Giffard had introduced the Cistercians into England at Waverley, in Surrey; and now the Carthusians had also come. Their strict rule, almost hermit-like in seclusion and simplicity, attracted men of uneasy consciences; and there was much migration from the stately Benedictine convents to the still Carthusian cells. Thus Robert FitzHenry, Prior of St. Swithun's, in 1191 threw up his office, and, 'from sorrow or devotion,' says Richard of Devizes, 'threw himself into the Carthusian sect.' Richard, who paid this old prior a visit at Witham, makes humorous and sarcastic remarks on what he saw: 'Much and often did I desire to follow, perhaps to abide with, you, certainly wishing to see how you were employed, what was your manner of life, and to measure how much higher and nearer Heaven was the Carthusian cell than the Winchester cloister. At length God granted my prayer. I came—would I had come alone—with two others, and they were the cause of my return to Winchester. My aspirations displeased them, and they cooled my fervour —I will not call it my error.' He goes on to describe the Carthusian rule with a sarcastic tongue. In the

end, humorous, common-sense Richard returned to Winchester with a grin on his face.

The records of spiritual craving and dissatisfaction, the sense of disappointment, when the religious man has tried in selfish fear to shut himself off from his fellows and to save his own soul in private, are not peculiar to one time. They always indicate some ferment in the world, and, conspicuous as they are at the close of the twelfth century, they give notice of past failures, such as that which followed the high hopes and dreams of the Crusades, and also of a coming outburst of a new intellectual and spiritual life, destined to make the thirteenth century equal in interest with the period of the Reformation.

Winchester, standing somewhat in the forefront, was quick to catch the movement. We can trace the ferment working in the place in many ways. We see it in the rise of literary energy in the cloister of St. Swithun's, in the erection of new buildings of a style freed from the heaviness of the Norman age, in the material advances made by the city. Unfortunately for the city, during the early years of Henry III. the episcopal throne was occupied by a strong leader of the anti-English party, and church and city alike suffered severely from the turmoils and internecine quarrels of the wretched reign. From that time to our own day Winchester has struggled with poverty and weakness, and, having a population barely larger than that of many a Yorkshire village of our time, was unequal to the task of bearing the burthens of the high position which it had formerly held among the cities of England.

Nothing so clearly marks the movements of the human mind as the changes in architecture. At the end of the twelfth century there came to Winchester, with other signs of growth, a vigorous outburst of architectural skill. With the fall of the castles, the Norman building-craft seemed also to end, and a new and opposite style came suddenly into sight. So soon as Henry of Blois was gone the monks of Hyde began to rebuild their ruined abbey, and Bishop Richard Toclive erected, in the new style, his Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, pulled down hardly a century ago. In the Cathedral church also Bishop Godfrey Lucy (1189–1204) displayed great activity. He built a tower over the spot where St. Swithun's shrine used to stand, for the Annals of Winchester say expressly that a 'flabellum,' a kind of shutter, or louvre-board wind-door, in it fell inwards and broke that shrine in 1241. No vestige of this tower remains, nor can we tell the exact site of it. In addition to it Bishop Godfrey reconstructed all the eastern part of the church; he swept away Walkelin's Lady Chapel, leaving only the crypt untouched, and built instead a broad and rather low structure consisting of a centre of three bays with north and south aisles, and a splendid Lady Chapel beyond. With a view to these great works he had instituted in 1202 the first English 'Church Building Society,' for 'he established a confraternity for the repair of the church, to last for five years.' We still see the results of their guild in the eastern part of the Cathedral. Unfortunately however, with the contempt for foundations characteristic of the old work, they built on piles, in a soft damp soil, and consequently the

southern side of Lucy's work is far out of the perpendicular.

The object of Bishop Lucy's enlarged church, which lay to the eastward of the ancient building with a new Lady Chapel, is plain; it was intended to provide space for the crowds of pilgrims who flocked to St. Swithun's shrine. That shrine was placed in the centre of this part of the church (between the present chantries of Waynflete and Beaufort); and the monks, though willing enough to receive pilgrims' offerings, turned their faces away from the dirty unwholesome crowd, and excluded them carefully from the main church. They made them enter by a Norman doorway in the north transept, which opened into the churchyard, away from the conventual buildings: after they had paid their offerings or fees in that transept, they visited the shrine, and were stopped on the south side by those interesting gates of wrought iron, still preserved in the Cathedral, which are said to be the oldest specimen of English wrought iron-work. And so this part of the building became practically a second church under the same roof, with nave, aisles, and Lady Chapel all its own.

Bishop Godfrey Lucy was also careful of the welfare of his city. He rearranged the ancient waterways in the Itchen valley, making them navigable as far up as Alresford, where he established a market, and renamed the place (quite in vain) as New Market. Neither name nor market survives, though the Alresford reservoir or lake is still there. King John also granted the bishop a charter to levy toll on all hides, leather, and other goods, entering the city 'by the river

Itchen, through the trench (per trancheam) or canal which he had caused to be made.'

Nor was Winchester behindhand in letters. The Scriptorium of St. Swithun's was in full activity; the long row of authors connected with it, from Bishop Daniel down to Godfrey the prior and Richard of Devizes the monk, gave plentiful employment to the scribes. Their skill in illumination was second to none; as had been long ago proved by the famous Benedictionary of St. Ethelwold. Now, at the close of the twelfth century, the famous Winchester copy of the Vulgate, still to be seen in the Cathedral Library, issued from their hands. The monks had also a boys' school, forerunner of Wykeham's great college, which stood near the west entrance into this great churchyard. There Jordan 'Fantosma,' author of a metrical chronicle of Henry II.'s Scottish Expedition, taught the citizens' sons, thirteen of the poorer among them being daily fed by St. Cross Hospital.

The best view of ancient Winchester can be got from a story which Richard of Devizes tells against the Jews. It may be that the exchequer of his Convent knew something of the burden of debt to these useful money-lenders, for St. Swithun's was famous for its hospitalities, and was tempted into heavy expenditure by its many royal and noble guests. In 1198 Richard notes that 'a Lombard Jew lent the Convent twenty-one marks,' probably not the first or last 'accommodation' of the kind. No wonder that the sarcastic pen of brother Richard longed to avenge itself.

William the Conqueror is said to have settled Jews at Winchester, with their quarters in the very

heart of the city. The citizens bore them no ill-will, for on Richard's accession in 1189, when the general outburst against them took place, and everywhere, as our Chronicler puts it, Englishmen thought well 'to immolate the Jews to their father the Devil,' Winchester alone sheltered them. 'She spared her vermin,' says Richard, 'being prudent and foreseeing, and a city of constant civility. For Winchester does nothing in a hurry, fears nothing so much as having to repent at leisure, counts the end more than the beginning.' And then good Richard takes his revenge by telling the old story, so beautifully woven afterwards by Chaucer into his 'Prioresses Tale,' of the Christian boy sacrificed by the Jews. A poor child of France, a shoemaker's prentice, is advised by a Jew friend to emigrate to England. His friend tells him all about the towns to be avoided: 'As to London, if you land there, hasten away; 'tis the sink of the human race; thither are imported all the vices and habits of every nation, there dwell all tribes of cheats and scoundrels. If you land near Canterbury, there you will find all the riff-raff of England congregated together to worship a man, I don't know his name, lately deified, formerly the arch-priest of Canterbury. His votaries lie dead at the head of every street, victims of hunger and idleness: Rochester and Chichester are mere villages.' And he goes on with an evil word for each of the chief towns of the land, until he comes to Winchester. 'In a word,' he concludes, 'though England has every blessing of climate and soil, and every place has some good folk living in it, there are far fewer advantages and good people in them all together than there are in Winchester alone.'

'For Winchester is for the Jews the Jerusalem of that land; here alone they enjoy perpetual peace; here is the school of all who aim to live well and to thrive. Here men are men; here is bread and wine in plenty and for naught. The monks here are so pitiful and kindly, the clerks so wise and free, the citizens so civil and faithful, the women so fair and pure, that I declare I am half tempted to become a Christian when I am among such Christians as they are. I advise you to go thither, to the city of cities, the mother of all, the best of all. They have one fault, and that only, and it is after all but a matter of habit. Wintonians lie like watchmen, though it is only in telling tales. Nowhere under the sun are false reports so easily fabricated. In all other respects the Wintonians are truthful enough.' The kind feeling at Winchester towards the Jews is apparently almost unique. It is pleasant to learn that the man who was said to have sacrificed the French apprentice, when brought before the itinerant judges, escaped, for the judges asked for proof of the dark tale, and none was forthcoming. There is another interesting, if isolated, witness to the goodwill of the city. In 1268 the Mayor, Simon le Draper, by letters patent under the common seal of the city, admitted 'our faithful friend and special neighbour, Benedict the Jew, son of Abraham, into full membership of the liberty of the city, and citizenship, and guild-rights in the Merchant Guild, with all the privileges pertaining to the same Liberty.' Hence it appears that the Jew might not only ply the business of usury, but also be a merchant on equal footing with his Christian neighbours.

It would not be easy to find another example of such liberality throughout the middle ages.

Though Richard was not often at Winchester, his savage hand was felt there. For Stephen, Seneschal of Anjou under Henry II., was dragged in fetters to the city, 'and made a spectacle to men and angels, emaciated, weighed down with chains'; there he remained till he could appease Richard by a heavy ransom. For the greed of this chivalrous king was only equalled by his brutality. Bishop Godfrey Lucy had to pay heavily for the restitution of Meon and Wargrave to the see, and was forced to rob the exchequer of St. Swithun's to raise the money: in time he repaid the most of it. He was also mixed up in the quarrels between Earl John and William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, the Chancellor. He was one of those summoned to choose arbiters between the antagonists, who met outside Winchester walls in 1191. They probably came face to face on Morne Hill, outside the east gate of the city. Earl John was backed by four thousand Welshmen, and the Chancellor with just such another force. Happily the meeting passed off without any fighting; but we may imagine the misery of the city, overrun with these wild folk, and with mercenaries and nobles almost as brutal.

After Richard's death in 1199, the city once more became the favourite royal seat. Here in 1207 was born Henry 'of Winchester,' the weak king who was so oppressive to his loyal birthplace. Under King John Winchester began to feel the evils of the time; the king's personal presence was bad enough, and worse still was Bishop Peter des Roches, who represented all

that was most opposed to England. On his nomination to the see in 1205, he undertook to carry out the wishes of the Pope, Innocent III., respecting Peter's pence. Each parish priest should gather the tax, and hand it, with an account, to his rural dean, each dean to his archdeacon, archdeacon to bishop, and all bishops to Bishop Peter, who was to forward it to Rome. Here was the beginning of troubles: clergy and laity resisted, and the struggle showed how utterly un-English was the spirit of the prelate who occupied the episcopal throne of Winchester; the English had no more persistent foe than Bishop Peter. In the conflict between king and barons, John entrusted the bishop with a secret commission, 'little by little to subdue the more powerful to the royal will, and to compel all who resisted.' But Peter went to work only too zealously, and the barons saw that if necessary they must resist with the sword: so that Peter became one of the proximate causes of the Great Charter, for 'he turned the feeling of the barons against the king into fury, which hath not been allayed to this day.' And so, in 1215, with many a mental reservation, John signed the Great Charter at Runnymede.

When Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was recalled from exile the reconciliation took place at Winchester. The archbishop led the king to the great west door of the Cathedral, and there absolved him; then entering the church they advanced together up the long nave to the high altar, at which the archbishop sang mass, and John presented a mark of gold. All the time he was scheming how to evade his promises, and fill the land with 'barbarians of every

strange race and tongue.' The barons invited Louis of France to come to their aid, and when the young prince showed himself, John was made powerless at once; he retreated to Winchester, but even here all were against him. For once the citizens were on the popular side, and so John entrusted the Castle to Savery of Mauleon, and fled with Peter des Roches, who as he went cast back his Parthian bolt of excommunication on the French prince and the citizens. Savery, finding himself helpless, set fire to the western suburb, and under cover of the flames escaped. Louis was welcomed into the city, occupied the Castle, and speedily reduced the weakened walls of Wolvesey. So Winchester became for a moment the capital of the foreign prince, defender in name of the English interests, who ruled from London to the sea. But death, which spoils all schemes, defeated him; for before he could be crowned or recognized, King John died, and the face of affairs was completely changed.

CHAPTER XI.

WINCHESTER, SEAT OF MISRULE UNDER HENRY III. A.D. 1216–1272.

Bishop Peter becomes chief man of the realm—Preaching Friars at Winchester—The Palace at the Castle—Overthrow of the Poitevin favourites, and end of Peter des Roches—New swarm of Provençals—Struggles for the Bishopric—Bishop William of Raley—The Winchester robbers—Death of William Raley—Election of Ethelmar—His character—Troubles and siege of St. Swithun's—Simon of Montfort the Younger takes the city—Parliament of Winchester—Fee-farm rent of the city—Affairs at St. Swithun's—Edward I. at Winchester—Troubles of the city at an end.

KING JOHN'S death not only changed the outlook for England, it had special effect on the fortunes of Winchester. For Henry III. made his native city his favourite home and the theatre of the most disorderly and discreditable scenes which marked the time. He expected to be repaid in hard cash and amusement for the disastrous honour he had done the town by being born in the Castle there. It was a miserable period in which England was devoured by foreigners; first by the Poitevin friends of Peter des Roches, then by the Provençals in Queen Eleanor's train. England was like a crippled ship off the French coast, defenceless, and inviting plunder.

Three men stood by the king's throne: William

Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, regent, representing the native party; Gualo, the papal legate, who with effusive patronage showed the world that Henry, as a minor, was a ward of the Papacy; and Peter des Roches, leader of the first band of foreign favourites. In 1219 William Marshall died, and the foreigners became all-powerful. Bishop Peter was now the chief man of the realm, protector, and moulder of the plastic spirit of the king. The miseries of the reign, at Winchester and elsewhere, are in large part chargeable to his ambition and intrigue.

When in 1227 Henry declared himself of age, he freed himself awhile from the bishop, and passed into Hubert de Burgh's hands. Even Peter des Roches thought it wise to stand entirely aloof from English politics, and made a crusade and pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Still the fame of Bishop Peter's exploits, and the instability of the king's character, rendered his return to power a certainty, and it is not surprising that in 1232 he regained full hold of king and realm. It was in vain that Friar Roger Bacon, then a royal chaplain, remonstrated with the king, "saying openly and with much freedom of speech that he would never enjoy peace till he had removed from his counsels the two Peters, father and son, Peter of Winchester and Peter of Rievaulx. And when the others said the same, Henry thought awhile, and began to turn his heart to wisdom. And when Roger saw him thus minded, he added in a witty cynical tone, "What is it, my lord the king, that is of all things most terrible and destructive to those who sail the seas?" The king replied that seamen could best answer. Then said Roger, "Nay, my lord king,

but I will tell thee; it is 'Petræ ac Rupes, ac si diceretur Petrus de Rupibus.'"' But a name-pun, however audacious, could not scare away Bishop Peter, and his position enabled him now to defy all his foes. He was in command, his son Peter treasurer, and Poitevin friends, 'hungry, gaping greedily for gain, came over to the number of two thousand.' Peter 'marched with a rampart of foreigners around him,' and advised the king 'to make war on his rebellious subjects, and to confer their castles and lands on faithful Poitevins, who would protect his power from traitors.' He at any rate pretended to think that the old struggle of past reigns was still raging, and posed as guardian of the central authority against feudal encroachments. But this central authority had become mere tyranny, while the feudal party was now identified with national aims; the people, now of some account, sided with the barons.

The time of Bishop Peter's highest power is also the moment at which the greatest popular reform of the age took place; for about 1232 the Preaching Friars first got a footing in Winchester. Franciscans and Dominicans arrived about the same time; their voices, filled with a new power, appealed directly to the poor, the ignorant, the working folk; establishing themselves among the lowliest, building their Black Friars' or Grey Friars' houses in the poorest suburbs, they grappled bravely with the painful problems of civic life. Both orders settled in the north side of Winchester, the Dominicans hard by the east gate, where fullers and millers dwelt, and the Franciscans just beyond them, 'in the Brooks,' nearly opposite the Nuns' Minster:

the district was then, and is still, the poorest part of the city.

And while this new power was thus taking root at the squalid end of the city, Henry was engaged in making his castle-palace by the west gate more splendid, bringing it into harmony with the newest taste in art and ornament, and wishing to make it the symbol of his royal power and authority. The new and lighter taste in building here found rare opportunity; the Castle Hall now rose, a beautiful example of the style, with slender marble pillars supporting a high roof, and forming a splendid chamber, so like a church with nave and aisles, that it was formerly believed by many to have been one. Here year by year Henry kept Christmas, often at the charges of the bishop, who in 1232 'provided him with all things needful for the Christmas banquet, and also presented to the whole party, the king's retainers as well as his own, the festive robes which were proper for the occasion.' In this same year there is found a writ directed to Peter des Roches, instructing him to cut down and sell all the underwood in the forest of Bere, and to apply the proceeds to the making of the 'great hall of the king within the castle of Winchester.' And this work was carried out forthwith, under the supervision of Master Elias of Dereham, the architect of the works. The building was about three years in erection; we find in 1235–36, that the internal decoration has begun, the Pipe Roll of this date giving us the expenditure on gilding for the capitals of columns and the wooden bosses of the roof; for the painting of the interior, and erection of a seat for the king at the

west end of the hall; for glazed frames for the windows, and for the painting of a great 'Wheel of Fortune' on the western gable of the building. A little later the hall was also adorned with a Mappa Mundi on the walls.

In this hall, thus sumptuously built and decorated, the king held court and feast, and met Parliaments. The itinerant justices, as they do to this day, also sat there, with so great a crowd of retainers and suitors that there was not room both for them and for the king, so that whenever his legal representatives were due in the city, Henry III. had to withdraw to some other place. The Castle had no fewer than four chapels; the chief one dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, the others to St. Josse, St. Thomas the Martyr, and St. Catharine. We learn how at this time Norman work became unpopular: in 1236–37, the chapel of St. Josse was remodelled; the ancient circular apse, doubtless of William the Conqueror's day, was converted into a square east end; the roof was raised and arched, and the small round-headed openings replaced by 'fair windows' of the later style; and in the chapel were placed oratories, or desks, for the queen and the royal household. English taste had now shaken itself free from the dominion of the Norman style, and in architecture, at least, the national feeling had its own way. The Chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr was also redecorated. It was all painted and picked out; a little group (our Lord on the Cross, with the Virgin and St. John) was placed over the chief altar; a painted wooden stand for tapers was set there, and also a font, some pictures, one a 'Christ in Majesty'

and other paintings—work all now gone, but in its day of rare beauty. The cost of it fell mainly on the citizens. It is probable that the very early wall-paintings in the Cathedral belong to this period, and were wrought by the same hands.

While Henry thus indulged his artistic tastes, a storm was threatening him and his foreign friends. At first Peter des Roches thought to carry all before him with a high hand. The nobles were summoned to Gloucester, and on their refusal were attacked and declared outlaws; their lands were given over to the Poitevins. Foreign mercenaries were brought over to carry out the king's policy. After some months of civil war, the weak king began to waver, and early in 1234 gave way. The Poitevins were banished, and Peter, with his illegitimate son, Peter of Rievaulx, dismissed to Winchester. There they took refuge in the Cathedral, and thither 'on July 2 came Richard Syward with many men to hunt up Peter of Rievaulx, and, failing to find him, carried off the horses of bishop and prior. Bishop Peter excommunicated them, and laid interdict on Cathedral and city.' The aggressors were alarmed, and made due submission.

At this very moment came messengers from Rome to Winchester urging Peter des Roches to repair to the holy city, in order to take command of the papal forces against the Romans. For the bishop had won fame as a captain under King Richard, 'with whom he had learnt to fight and order a camp rather than to preach the gospel'; and the Pope, knowing him to be skilful, 'and liking better to fight with another's wealth than to expend his own,' invited him to cross the seas. Peter

knew that Henry would soon miss him, and that a year or two of brilliant service under the Head of Christendom would enhance his reputation. So he gladly transferred his mischievous energies from Winchester to Rome. When in 1236 he returned home, men saw that he had passed into old age; and though the king was well pleased to welcome him back, he declined to undertake any public work, and lived in quiet for the remainder of his days. He lies buried in his Cathedral church, and with his death the dominance of the Poitevins came to an end.

The country gained little by it, for in 1235 Henry had wedded Eleanor of Provence, who came to England escorted by her uncle William, Bishop-elect of Valence, and accompanied by a fresh swarm of hungry courtiers. On Peter's death Henry tried to secure the see of Winchester for the 'Elect of Valence'; but the monks of St. Swithun resisted stoutly, and came well out of the miserable strife. They refused 'the man of blood' whom the king desired, and chose William of Raley as their bishop. Hereupon the king rated them roundly, for if his acts were weak, his words were strong. 'You have refused the Elect of Valence, calling him a man of blood, and have chosen this William, who has slain far more with his tongue than the other has killed with his sword.' The monks bent before the storm, and presently proceeded to another election. Henry, hearing of it, hastened to the Chapter House near the Cathedral, and with blended threats and promises tried to bend them to his will. In vain; they elected Ralph Nevill, Bishop of Chichester, the chancellor, one of the king's favourites. Again Henry broke out, abused his

chancellor, and induced the Pope, 'by plenty of money in gift or promise,' to quash this second choice. Things remained at a deadlock, till the 'Elect of Valence' died suddenly, poisoned, it is said, at Viterbo. On the news the royal pair were filled with grief. Their unbridled natures broke out; the king 'tore his robes, and threw them on the fire, and howling with loud voice refused to be comforted.' And now the monks of St. Swithun repaired to Rome, and, the Pope's friend being dead, got from the Holy Father a confirmation of their right of free election; 'they were not at the king's bidding to elect any foreigner or person odious to England, but to choose freely for bishop the man they deemed best fitted for the post.'

Meanwhile Henry had not been idle; he had thrust on the Convent as prior a foreigner, Andrew the Breton, and now hoped by his means to compel the brethren to elect another of his kin, Boniface of Savoy. Boniface however was elected at Canterbury, and Winchester still remained without a bishop. These were harassing days for St. Swithun's. The king attacked them on one side; Otto, the papal legate, on another. Henry in 1241 ejected half the Convent; yet in 1242 he came in friendly guise to the Chapter House with Queen Eleanor, who was admitted into the Society, 'receptura societatem in Capitulo,' which meant that she was to become a kind of honorary member of the chapter, sharing in the benefits of all its prayers and services. The severities of 1241 had been caused by the dogged perseverance of the monks in preferring William of Raley. Henry sent to the Convent courtiers, who, with help of Prior Andrew,

investigated the views of the monks, and, 'without regard for age, or person, or rank,' ejected those of Raley's party with unseemly violence. The monks clung to the altar, but the king's men dragged them away with so much violence that their blood stained the pavement of the sanctuary. Out of the church they thrust them, and, in sight of the citizens, who cried out on them and wept, hurried the poor monks up the High Street, striking them with fists, poking them from behind with sticks, abusing them with unseemly names, and so driving some to the Castle dungeons, and others to the 'Husuheie,' the *Domus Hafoc* or Hawkshey, a little outside the west gate. Here they manacled them in pairs, leaving them in a squalid den, filthy and winter-cold, without food or light. Long they lay there, stubbornly resisting to the end. In spite of all this scandalous violence, they still elected William of Raley, and he fearlessly threw in his lot with them. Violent was the king's anger, and he let his wild followers get up a riot, in which 'they beat with sticks, and wounded or smote with impious fists, many both lay and clerics.' He next tried to scare Bishop William into a written resignation of the see, but was called off by war with Louis of France, and the harassed monks had rest. On his return in 1243 he came to Winchester, and there summoned a great assembly. The poor city had to make high show, with festivities to order, and curtains and carpets hanging out in every street, and wreaths and lights, with crowds of men, and clang of every bell. To Winchester came all the great men of the land, and also, with grumblings deep and fierce, four

burghers from each of the good cities, in fine robes, riding 'on desirable steeds.' For the king loved pomp, and willingly wasted the time and money of his people.

The struggle over the bishopric began again. Innocent IV. was friendly to Bishop William of Raley, and, in spite of the king's remonstrances, confirmed the election; the bishop came down to Winchester to take possession. But the king sent a missive to the mayor, forbidding him to admit the bishop within the walls. And so, when he came barefooted with great humility to one of the gates, he found it barred. Seeing this, he withdrew, and later came to the King's Gate, which was kept by the Convent of St. Swithun's, and after preaching to the people, laid an interdict on the Cathedral and other churches, excommunicating the monks, and clerks, and all the officers of the city. The king also sent letters to the clergy threatening them with loss of their benefices if they obeyed the bishop; nevertheless, they sided with him and left the city. Bishop William crossed the seas, and remained abroad till Henry III. allowed him to return and take possession of his bishopric. This he did in 1244; the prior, John of Caux, and all his enemies, made submission, the interdict was removed, the prior, though deposed, was pardoned, as were also the hostile monks. The luckless mayor, who had only obeyed orders, was punished still more severely. It shows how great was the authority of the mediæval bishop over even the highest civic officers.

Henry was now most friendly with Bishop William; his faults were not those of an implacable or a dignified man, and now that he had done his worst with the bishop and had failed, he had no objection to a good

dinner at his house. Next year, at Christmas, the bishop appeared at the Castle 'in cheerful guise, and besought the king to dine at his table on St. Stephen's Day, so that the world might see that all ill-will was gone, and that he had taken the bishop back into his ancient friendship.' And so Henry came and dined in public at the bishop's table in Wolvesey, and liked it so well that he repeated it the same day in the next year; for this 'regulus mendicans,' as Matthew Paris styles him, took anything he could get. Again, two years later, 'as a great guest and now accustomed to expect the feast, and weening that the honour of his presence would sooth the bishop's breast,' he sat at the bishop's table; who was scarcely so well soothed when he found afterwards that he had not wherewithal to pay the bills.

At this time Winchester was suffering, like the rest of the country, from the easy monarch's misrule. Taxes and 'inquisitions' lay heavy on every shoulder; the course of trade was all but ruined by the debasement and clipping of the coin, which became so bad that, in 1247 and 1248, it had to be taken in hand at the Winchester mint. 'The king now had new coin stamped from the old money, with a die so cut that the circle of it, the cross, and the lettering, extended to the margin, and nothing could be clipped off without being noticed and detected.' Lastly, and worst of all, open brigandage flourished. The king's courtiers led the way, the cities took their share, and shielded the guilty, until it became almost impossible to bring any goods to market or fair. This, however, was checked in a curious way. When the king reached Winchester,

in 1249, two Brabant merchants came before him at the Castle, alleging that they had been violently robbed of two hundred marks in the public way by two men whom they saw and pointed out in the royal retinue behind the king. These were at once arrested, but as they appealed to be purged by the oath of their neighbours, their neighbours at once acquitted them; for the whole neighbourhood, says Matthew Paris, was an accomplice. The merchants however were not to be shaken off, but attacked the king again, giving Hampshire a very bad character, which it seems to have fully deserved. It is doubtful how far their true and vigorous indictment of the district would have roused the king, had they not fortunately been helped by a piece of rashness on the part of the too-jovial robbers. They had come across a convoy of carts carrying wine from Southampton to Winchester for the king, had beaten off the drivers, and then sat down, 'merry with laughter and drink,' to empty the casks. Now the wine was destined for the king's own table, and he had just heard the unpleasant news. The wrongs of the Brabant traders, a national mishap, could not rouse him as this outrage to his own palate and pocket did. He at once summoned the bailiffs and freemen of the county, and the head men of the city, to the Castle, and abused them in unmeasured terms. 'There is no county or district so infamous in all England, none stained so deep with crimes. Even in my presence robberies and manslaughter are rife in the very city, in the suburbs, in the neighbourhood: nay, even my wine has not been safe. The city and district stink. I was born in this city, and yet nowhere have I been so disgracefully

treated. I believe, I know quite well, that you, my fellow-citizens, are confederates in crime. I will call together all the counties of England; they will judge you as traitors to me, tear the veil from your iniquities, and your quibbles will no more avail to screen you.'

All this was in the great hall of the Castle; where, having thus worked himself up to a white heat, the king suddenly shouted out, 'Shut the Castle gates; shut them at once.' Hereon Bishop William of Raley interposed, and begged him to remember that there were many strangers present, and that it would be unjust to include them in the judgment with the Winchester folk. And then he turned round from the king to the scared crowd, and solemnly excommunicated all who might have had hand in the robbery. The next step was to empanel a jury of twelve men, partly citizens, partly men of the county, charged on oath to give up the names of the robbers. They were put into a separate chamber, and there had a long discussion. At last the king sent for them. Their reply, for they were all in the league of plunder, was that they could name none. Then the king, knowing that they were screening their friends, had them all bound and cast into a deep dungeon, whence they were to be taken out only to be hanged. Another jury, of like composition, seeing that the matter was not to be played with, after a long and secret conference, came forth and ruefully gave up the names of many ruffians and robbers, the most part of whom were men of the neighbourhood. A crowd of persons, whom the king himself had appointed as wardens and bailiffs in the district, to put down the brigandage, men

who owned valuable horses and clothes, and possessed large lands, some too of the king's own bodyguard, were arrested, convicted, and forthwith hung on gallows outside Winchester. Some got away and were never more heard of. But as many as thirty men were hanged, and as many more thrown into prison, with the noose before their eyes. Some, who had been in the king's service, sent him a message from the scaffold to the effect that had he paid their wages they would never have fallen into bad ways; and that he was the true cause of their death—whereat the king 'was covered with confusion, and drew long deep sighs.' Some appealed to judgment of battle, and not a few were got rid of in this way. And thus the ring of robbers was thoroughly broken up.

The demands of Pope and king, with the great outlay the poor bishop had been obliged to make before he could get possession of his temporalities, had weighed so heavily on Bishop William Raley that he found ruin staring him in the face. Like many another worthy gentleman of later days, retiring to a watering-place abroad to retrench, he 'tarried at Tours, in the realm of the French, with a small establishment, to spare himself expense.' And there he remained, living very quietly, for nearly a year, till he fell ill and died in 1250. His bishopric was encumbered with debts due to the Pope, dating from the days when the king had driven him out of England.

Henry took his death cheerfully enough. He went to work at once to persuade the monks to elect as their bishop Aymer or Ethelmar, his half-brother, by birth a Poitevin, and fourth son of Queen Isabella, the

king's mother, by her second husband, Hugh Count de la Marche. This person, commonly styled Aymer of Lusignan, sometimes Aymer of Valence, young, careless, and ignorant, scarce twenty-three years of age, and only in minor orders as an acolyte, had no claim whatever to this great preferment; and the good monks have all our sympathy in their struggle. The moment the king knew of the vacancy he sent two of his clerks down to Winchester to see what they could do with threats, flatteries, and promises to induce the brethren to elect Aymer. When they had 'weakened the hearts of a good many among the monks,' the king himself suddenly appeared. He went straight to the Cathedral, and, entering the Chapter House, sat down in the abbot's, that is, the bishop's, seat, for in a monastic cathedral the bishop was always the abbot, and the head of the convent the prior. Taking as his text the very unsuitable words, 'Righteousness and peace have kissed each other,' Henry preached them a sermon, mingling threats with promises of advance and preferments. They were to cast into the scale as no small weight that he had been born in the city (he never referred to this except when he wanted to get something outrageous from Winchester), and that he had been baptized in their Cathedral church, in the font which still stands there; and he added that Aymer was 'bright as the sun, of royal birth, benign and youthful, qualities which in a long life he may be hoped to illustrate'; and he wound up his discourse by saying plainly that if the monks proved rebellious 'he would confound them one and all.' So he withdrew, and the monks, feeling that there was no escape, elected Aymer, subject to the papal

dispensation. The king at once sent to Rome about the business, and ere long came the Pope's confirmation, with the price attached—a yearly revenue of five hundred marks to the little son of the Count of Burgundy. Aymer was not installed, for as 'bishop-elect' he could enjoy the revenues of the see without obligation of residence. He also retained all his older preferments.

In the summer the young bishop-elect himself reached Winchester, with a splendid retinue, and was received by the foreign Court party with great rejoicings. The day was kept with a banquet, at which all rejoiced 'that the high nobility of England had now fallen into the hands of the foreigner, to the exclusion of the natives.' And Aymer had good cause for high spirits: for, as says indignant Matthew Paris, 'it is believed that there was not one great church in England from the breasts of which he did not suck the milk.' Selfishness, turbulence, and rapine sum up his career, the only comfort for Winchester being his frequent absences. When present he made things very unpleasant for the monks of St. Swithun who had resisted his appointment, oppressing them with violence and cruelty. Once he shut them up, in depth of winter, in the cold Cathedral for three days and more, trying their constitutions so severely that, what with hunger and chill, with want of rest and bitterness of spirit, some were so broken down that they never again recovered health. The whole community was also ejected, and had to seek refuge where they could. They could only comfort themselves by dilating on their own weakness and folly in electing 'one who was but a youth, never at school, ignorant of arts or grammar; one who,

though not their full and true bishop, plundered the bishopric, knew no English, knew no Scripture, could not preach or hear confessions, or fulfil any spiritual duty.'

Aymer took no heed to the protests of the monks, or even to the remonstrances of Henry III., but filled up the Convent with 'riff-raff and illiterate and utterly unworthy persons, to the scandal of all religion.' Over this hopeful company the intruded Prior Andrew of London presided, while the real prior, William of Taunton, wasted his life and substance at the papal Court trying to get justice. Innocent IV. promised him the ring, mitre, and crozier, with other honours. For Aymer had deprived him and the brethren, because they would not submit the accounts of the Convent to his officers at Wolvesey, dreading his rapacious hand, and excusing themselves on the ground that the bishop was only 'elect.' By virtue of his office, however, he was Abbot of St. Swithun's, and had a right to interfere in the domestic affairs of the Convent. Innocent IV. in promising a mitre to the prior may have meant in some degree to protect St. Swithun's against Aymer's greed. But the Pope died, and the prior lost this great distinction. On the ledger-stone of Prior William Basing's tomb is an incised cross showing the face of the prior wearing a mitre, with the cross keys on the one side and the sword on the other; as though the Convent clung to the belief that its prior enjoyed special honours.

And Prior William failed. On his return he found Aymer's creature Andrew firmly in possession, and had to content himself with a pension on certain manors

belonging to the church. The exiled monks were allowed to return. The confusion at Winchester was but a reflex of the general misery of the realm. At St. Swithun's we see it very clearly. The office of prior was often vacant, sometimes held by two rivals, at other times put in commission by the bishop. The monks were always in hot water, split into factions, threatened or cajoled, imprisoned and roughly handled. Extortion, bribery, neglect of decent government, and contempt for the welfare of the people, had their head-quarters at Winchester Castle for the laity, and at Wolvesey for the clergy. At last the anger of the English found voice in the 'Mad Parliament,' held at Oxford, where, among other reforms, it was enacted that the foreigners should all be banished. They at once took flight, and rode to Aymer's castle at Winchester, where they thought they would be safe under the bishop's wing. But the barons soon brought Aymer to his knees. His three brothers were exiled, and he too had to follow them, first to Paris, then to Rome, where he abode as a suitor two years, till he could induce the Pope to consecrate him. This done, he made ready for his reception at his see. Death, however, stronger than popes, saved Winchester from the impending evil. To the relief of all good men, Bishop Aymer sickened and died on his journey at Paris. His heart, as if in mockery, was sent in a golden vessel to Winchester Cathedral, and there buried.

A disputed election to the episcopal throne took place in 1260. Fifty-four monks chose their old prior William of Taunton, while seven voted for the nominee of the foreign party, Andrew of London. The Pope

refused them both, and consecrated John of Exeter, then at Rome, who came over and took possession. He ejected Prior Andrew, and had him confined in Hyde Abbey, whence the cunning adventurer escaped, and boldly put about the tale that St. Thomas of Canterbury had intervened to set him free. For centuries after, his fetters, with due inscription, might be seen in evidence at Becket's shrine.

This division inside the Convent had shown the strength of the English and foreign parties there; and the overthrow of Prior Andrew reduced the Poitevins to complete insignificance. Thenceforth to the end of the struggle, while the city of Winchester, with touching fidelity, clung to Henry III., the Convent warmly supported the constitutional or English party, giving and taking sharp blows. In 1264 the troubles came to a head. The citizens, alarmed lest the monks, who held King's Gate, should let in Simon of Montfort, came rushing down the vacant space between the city wall and that of St. Swithun, and made fierce onslaught on the Convent. The monks gallantly defended themselves at the Close Gate till some of them were even stricken down dead within the Mirabel close. The assailants, failing to force an entry, set fire to the gate, and the flames spreading outwards caught the houses, and reached King's Gate, which, with the ancient church of St. Swithun over it, was burnt to the ground. When the gate was rebuilt, the little church was replaced on it, and there remains as a parish church to this day.

Next year, while the fortunes of the barons were still high, came Simon of Montfort the younger, and

demanded entrance into the city. When the citizens refused and killed one of his messengers before his eyes, Simon at once assaulted the place. Helped from behind by the monks of St. Swithun's, who let his men in through windows in the wall, probably hard by the Close Gate, where city and convent walls are one, he forced his way into Winchester. He gave it up to plunder, slaying all the Jews he could find, for they were always the king's good friends, and hateful to the barons. This high-handed proceeding was the last gleam of success for the barons' cause; Kenilworth and Evesham came within a month, and freed the king from all anxiety. In September he visited again his native place, and there summoned a Council to crush once for all the spirit of the baronial party. Winchester, eager to applaud the violence of the king's party in the past, and to abet all vengeance for the future, was happy in this full flood of reaction. The prudent counsels of Edward were at first disregarded; Bishop John, who had actively sympathized with the popular side, was suspended; the Cathedral church and its convent laid under interdict; and even the loyal city, for all its devotion to the royal cause, fell under the ban.

The war had been ruinous to the city. Plundered by both sides alike, it had at last to pray for relief from its fee-farm rent, a payment from the town to the king, instead of the sums paid previously through the sheriff of the county. Perhaps it was as much a redistribution of burthens as a punishment for offences at St. Swithun's that, in 1266, Prior Valentine and his monks undertook to repair King's Gate and South Gate,

both 'greatly ruined in the late war.' They were to renew the South Gate drawbridge, build two crenellated turrets on the gate, and provide watch and ward for both. The custody of King's Gate remained with the Convent till 1520, for in a document of that date the prior and brethren grant to two men the custody 'of the gate of the Priory called Kyngate, and of the mansion attached to the said gate, and also custody of the gate at the entry to the Close.'

Soon after this Ottoboni, the papal legate, twice visited Winchester, and regulated the affairs of the monks. Prior Valentine had to resign, and the legate appointed commissioners charged to inquire into all the affairs of the Convent, which had fallen into sore confusion; it was deep in debt, 'to the extent of ten thousand marks and more.' Their task was both to extricate the monks from their difficulties, and to secure their compliance with the king's wishes. In his second visit at Christmas, conscious perhaps that after all St. Swithun's priory could not be a very cordial host, he lodged in Hyde Abbey; but there too he fared but ill, for before the year was out he departed in great anger, hurling back at the monks an interdict, because of a fight which had taken place between his men and the servants of the great Convent.

The interdict was not the only mishap of the time. Early in 1268 came a fierce storm, with wind so terrible that trees were uprooted, houses levelled, and the bell-tower of St. Catherine's on the Hill thrown down. The poor bishop also died, and was succeeded by Nicolas Ely, whom the Pope translated from Worcester to Winchester. Things now began to take a more

quiet turn; Prior Valentine was restored, and the city had a time of rest.

A little later than this time the Winchester citizens won their barren triumph over the Londoners at the royal banquet at Westminster. Barren it was, because, while Winchester asserted her ancient and customary rights, London was already far before the ancient capital in all things which made it the chief city of the kingdom. 'On the day of the translation of Edward the Confessor the king would wear his crown; whereon, as the men of Winchester and the Londoners both claimed the place of cupbearers, Henry refused to allow either to serve him, fearing discord and quarrelling. And so he bade both parties sit down at their tables; but the Londoners were huffed, and withdrew, while the Winchester men stayed, eating and drinking, till at last the king gave them leave to withdraw, and so they returned home again.'

To the end of his life Henry loved to live at Winchester; there in 1270 he gave his son Edward leave to go on crusade. After receiving his father's blessing Edward came down to the Chapter House of St. Swithun's, and begged leave also of the monks, asking the benefit of their prayers; and so he passed out of the city by the Portsmouth road, and set forth to join St. Louis. Ere he returned from the East his easy-going father died.

One of the after-blows of the great troubles was presently felt at Winchester. Prior Andrew, who had taken refuge at Rome, returned in 1274 with a force of armed men, intending to force his way back into the Priory. But the bishop garrisoned the Cathedral

against him, and after a couple of days Andrew assaulted the Convent, pressing it very sharply; whereon the bishop, with much skill of a kind, sent the preaching friars out on embassy to the besiegers to beg for a day's truce; this granted, he gathered in men from every side, and when the truce ended was so strong that Andrew was compelled to raise the siege. On the day of his departure the bishop summoned all the clergy to the Chapter House, excommunicated all the monks of St. Swithun's who had favoured Andrew, with the prior and all who had fought with him against the Cathedral, and laid the city under interdict. Parties raged with such violence that the civic authorities sent a message to the king to say that they could neither keep order nor punish offenders. The justices itinerant were therefore sent to the Castle to make strict inquiry; they imprisoned some ringleaders, while others escaped and fled. The visitation of Winchester by Archbishop Kilwardby in this year 1274 is also probably to be connected with the confusions of the time.

In 1276 King Edward I., immediately after his return from crusade, again visited Winchester, going in solemn procession from the Castle to St. Swithun's, and was received with high honour by the bishop and convent. He summoned a Parliament there, and passed judgment on Gaston of Béarn, who was a captive in the Castle; he also reaffirmed the Great Charter, and undertook to allay the irritation still simmering in the city. And indeed this was now easy; it seemed enough for a man whose simple word was more potent than the acts of other men to enjoin peace on the citizens,

and to bid them let him hear no more of turmoils. By way of encouraging them in well-doing he re-granted all their ancient liberties, and so departed. His commissioners then met, and arranged the terms of peace for the city; and, all now smoothed down, 'the citizens met and elected their own mayor and substituted their provosts and bailiffs'; they also chose the 'twenty-four' best men. Edward I. secured good government everywhere; the most disturbed bodies, even St. Swithun s Convent, became peaceful. Bishop Nicolas took the Priory into his own hands, till Edward sent two commissioners to arrange matters. Their intervention, however, was not very successful; for in 1278 the king took St. Swithun's into his own hands, and appointed a prior, who administered the Convent for a time. Then, in 1279, Edward restored the Priory to Bishop Nicolas, who made Adam of Farnham, one of the monks, prior; and at the same time appointed his own adherents to the important posts of treasurer, sacrist, almoner, &c., the 'Obedientiarii' of the Convent. This was the last public act of Bishop Nicolas; in 1279 he died, and was buried at Waverley Abbey; his heart, enclosed in a little leaden or pewter casket, wrapped around with gold-coloured silk, lies buried under the choir-screen of Winchester Cathedral.

On his death the old strife over the bishopric broke out anew. The rule as to appointment was that the monks elected first of right; if their choice was refused by the Pope, they might make a second election by special grace of the pontiff; if this second choice was also annulled, then the Pope claimed the power to elect whom he would. No worse system could be

devised. The Pope quashed the two Convent elections, and proceeded to appoint John of Pontoise, John 'Pointes,' Archdeacon of Devonshire. This John of Pontoise, thus thrust in, is sometimes absurdly called 'John Sawbridge,' from a false derivation of his name, as if it came, not from the place where there is a bridge over the Isara or Oise, but from some fancied 'bridge of the saw' (ponte-serra).

The troubles of Winchester are now almost at an end: so too is her public history. Henceforth she is no more the favourite abode of royalty; she settles down on the lees of her past glory; and the revolting squabble of 1283 over the remains of David, brother of Llewelyn of Wales, marks in ghastly fashion the fallen greatness of the city. After David's execution at Shrewsbury sharp dispute ensued as to his quartered body. The head must go to London. None could gainsay that. But whose was the right shoulder? York claimed it, and Winchester. At last the king decided for the ancient capital, and in high triumph the citizens hastened home with their prize, which was set up on high over the gate. The unsavoury incident may be taken to close the period; it tells us how completely Winchester had been distanced by London, and how she was now scarcely more than on a level with other cities.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STATESMEN-BISHOPS AND THEIR AGE.

Winchester at the end of the Thirteenth Century—Bishops John of Stratford, William of Edington, and William Wykeham, as Church-builders—Wykeham's College of St. Mary Winton—He reforms St. Swithun's—His other works—Cardinal Beaufort—His relations with Henry IV., V., and VI.—Hospital of Noble Poverty—Henry VI. takes Winchester College as type for Eton—Waynefleté, founder of Magdalen College, Oxford—Bishops Peter Courtenay, Thomas Langton, and Fox—Cardinal Wolsey, and Stephen Gardiner, who closes the series of Statesmen-Bishops.

AFTER the bad days of Henry III. the history of Winchester grows dim and uneventful. Our sources of information dry up; one by one the Chroniclers fail; the English Chronicle has long been silent; the Winchester Annals and those of Waverley end before the century closes. Rudborne, the monk of St. Swithun's, from whose pen we might have had delightful scenes as he drew towards his own times, carries on his work only under the form of dry biographies. Winchester gained but little from the movements of the thirteenth century: for her that period was, as we have seen, a time of disorder and distress: perhaps her only gain was the establishment of the four mendicant orders, which succoured the people—the Franciscans and

Dominicans to the north of the High Street within the walls; the White Friars and Augustinians outside the walls, in the Soke, on the south of the city.

No city in all England had, for its size, such a host of ecclesiastics and 'religious' crowding the streets; in none perhaps did so many clashing interests meet. There was a stately bishop, ruling from Wolvesey over his immediate subjects in the Soke; so that there was an inner and an outer jurisdiction for the town, and the episcopal authority must often have come into collision with the civic. The bishop had also much ado to keep order between the various religious communities around him; he was often in conflict with St. Swithun's or Hyde, and these great Benedictine houses were jealous of one another. Again, there was the king's authority at the Castle; and, lastly, rising somewhat slowly, came the civic magistracy, with power still very uncertain, and tenure of office precarious. The Manor of Godbeate, which defied alike the royal and municipal officers, well illustrates the confusion of jurisdictions in the city.

After the miseries of the late reign it was a real blessing to have an unrivalled administrator on the throne. The ordinances of 1285, the statutes of Westminster and Winchester, and the Merchants' Statute, open a new era of prosperity. As Hampshire had been terribly disturbed by robbery and lawlessness, it was natural that the Winchester Parliament should deal with such matters. The statute is a series of precautions against ruffians. It revives the old system of the hundred and county; it provides for the security of towns, ordering their gates to be shut from sundown to sunrise, and watch and ward kept within and with-

out; it also enjoins the making of broad clear highways, in which no robber could lurk, to run from town to town—with other practical enactments.

It is indicative of the weakness of the civic authority, that towards the end of Edward's reign, apparently because of the escape of a State prisoner, the mayor and civic officers were seized and imprisoned in London: the sheriff of Hampshire was ordered to take possession of the city, to revoke its charters, abolish its liberties, and reduce the free citizens to the state of villenage. Fortunately for them they had, as was often the case in 'the queen's city,' a good friend in Margaret, who espoused their cause with such effect that the mayor and officers were freed, and the king persuaded to restore the civic charters and liberties, and even to diminish the fine.

In the renewed misrule of Edward II. we hear little of Winchester. It was the time of Bishop John of Stratford, the first of that series of statesmen-bishops who mark the age. It was natural that, as this was the wealthiest see in the land, and one of the seats of royal power, the kings should make Bishops of Winchester of their chief men. Low-minded kings gave the rich prize to their favourites, the nobler monarchs to their ministers. This is why the Bishop of Winchester was often Chancellor or Treasurer of England, and why, when the Order of the Garter was established, he became its Prelate.

John of Stratford had been treasurer to Edward II., and, being at Avignon when the see fell vacant, the Pope, in the teeth of royal resistance, consecrated him then and there as bishop. Edward II. seized the

temporalities of the see and outlawed the bishop, who for over a year led the life of a hunted hare. Not long after his reconciliation and return to Winchester he entered into the plans of the queen and Mortimer, and was one of those who compelled the wretched king to resign the crown. While he acted thus, Winchester, which seems always to have loved its worst kings best, remained faithful to Edward; so that when the queen's party had executed the elder Despencer, Earl of Winchester, they sent his head to the city, to be fixed up on the Castle Gate as a warning to it. Little good did Stratford get from the queen's party; he fell under Mortimer's anger for having been in the conspiracy of 1328, when the nobles at Winchester planned the favourite's overthrow. Their leader, Edmund, Earl of Kent, son of Edward I., was seized, attainted by a Parliament in the Castle at Winchester, and condemned to die. So much was he beloved that none could be found to behead him; and for a long day he stood waiting before the Castle Gate, 'until at last came an accursed ribald from the Marshalsea, who, to save his own wretched life, put him to death.' The bishop had to fly for his life, hunted from place to place; now hiding in Wilton Abbey, now in the wild woodlands of Waltham Chase, and even in the houses of friends in Winchester itself. When Mortimer fell, he rose again, received the Great Seal, and in 1333 became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Only twelve years later, another treasurer, William of Edington, a man of capacity and sterling uprightness, became bishop. Edward III.'s charter for St. Giles's Fair tells us that the king granted it to him 'because in our private and public business we have

known him to have been prudently and usefully engaged in ceaseless and diligent work, and to have long and faithfully watched over our affairs.' Though his fame is eclipsed by that of his great successor, William of Wykeham, he deserves the credit of having introduced at Winchester the Perpendicular style of architecture. Yet, even in this, he may have but adopted the inspiration of the bright young man who was in his service, and whose ability first showed itself in architectural construction. So much was Edington set on the 'perfecting of the nave' of his Cathedral—that is, of transmuting it into the new style by hiding the old—that he left money for William of Wykeham to apply to this purpose. The result is that the nave is the finest, and perhaps the most simple, specimen of Perpendicular work extant. Edington seems to have pulled down the Norman work as far as he went, and to have entirely rebuilt it; afterwards Wykeham, with astonishing boldness, cut the Norman work into harmony with modern ideas. Instead of the deep open triforium he carried up the piers to a great height, leaving below the clerestory only a narrow passage with ornamental courses and balustrades, so stamping the building with one of the special marks of the Perpendicular period, in which the triforium gradually disappears; he replaced the round-headed Norman clerestory windows with larger open lights; and instead of the flat timbered roof he built a magnificent stone-groining, which, severe as the strain must have been, is supported by no fresh exterior buttresses.

William of Wykeham, on coming to the see, was the most prominent member of the national party in

Church affairs, head of the clerical as opposed to the baronial party. To a determined stand against the claims of the Papacy he joined an unceasing effort to carry out reforms, and build up the Church on the solid foundations of zeal and learning. Though he had no sympathy with the Wicliffite movement, he saw clearly that many things demanded reform. He reformed the Hospital of St. Cross; made his clergy more efficient; and, above all, founded those grand institutions which have carried his name down to posterity. He has rightly been styled the 'Father of the English public-school system'; though his colleges have departed far from his original intention, which was to improve the learning and status of the priesthood by giving better education, specially to poor scholars. As often happens with our endeavours, he aimed at one good and got another. Very much of the ascendency long enjoyed in England by what are styled 'the upper classes' is due, in its strength and weakness, to Wykeham's foundations. It is much to be regretted that over the gulf between the elements of society Wykeham's colleges have failed to be a bridge, and that those only, as a rule, eat Wykeham's bread whose parents are wealthy enough to be able to undertake the education of their own children.

By building his college to the south of Winchester he largely altered the appearance of the place. Just outside the wall between King's Gate and the south entrance into Wolvesey there was a pleasant field, the 'greenery and promenade of St. Swithun,' as the monks call it in their petition to be allowed to build a foot-bridge with a rail over the wall and across the track

leading down to the back gate of Wolvesey, that so they might get into this pleasaunce without coming in contact with the citizens. Whether Wykeham granted them this bridge over the pathway of common folk or not, we know that ere long the monks found substantial reasons for ceding the meadows to the bishop; they received in return a good estate at West Meon.

The bishop also looked strictly into the affairs of St. Swithun's Priory. It had passed through very evil days during the thirteenth century. The pestilences of the next century had also much affected it, and relaxed its strictness. Wykeham found the monks very slack in keeping the canonical hours, in saying mass, in insisting on confessions, and in obeying the rules as to conduct. The cloister, through which people could make a short cut from the Soke to the High Street, even as they do to this day, had become a very home of gossip. The bishop is very severe on this fault; it hinders meditation and holiness of life, opening the way to more serious moral evils; he orders the monks to close the cloisters against the citizens; the number of monks was decreasing; their secular employments had eaten away their religious life. Wykeham's Register shows how anxious he was to reform them. This state of things may have led him in 1390 to obtain a bull from Boniface IX. conferring mitre and staff on the Abbot of Hyde, as though he would emphasize his displeasure with St. Swithun's prior by lifting his rival still farther above his head.

There is at Winchester evidence in stone of Wykeham's gratitude to Richard II., who restored him to

power after his trial and disgrace in the previous reign. Among the carved bosses of the string-course, which runs the length of the Cathedral nave, nothing occurs so frequently as Richard's emblem, the chained stag couchant under an oak.

Towards the latter end of his life Wykeham took little part in public affairs. An old man now, and anxious more for his reforms and institutions than for the political life of the country, he zealously watched over his Cathedral and colleges till his death in 1404. The closing scene of his long pontificate was the funeral procession from Bishop's Waltham to the Cathedral, where he was entombed in the stately chantry which he had built for himself in the nave. This chantry is a striking illustration of the boldness with which he had treated the Norman building; for to win sufficient space he was not afraid to cut away more than a third of each of the piers between which the chantry stands. The building has proved itself equal even to this great strain; nor has the slightest sign of weakness shown itself where Wykeham's effigy, with the three Benedictines at his foot, lies still in state unharmed, to receive the respectful homage of his sons, and of all who admire the noble works he achieved for Winchester and England.

Whether we look at Wykeham as churchman or as statesman, as architect or as administrative reformer, we shall see that the praise he has won from after-ages has been well deserved. England has seen no better example of high abilities well under control, and practical ends prudently attained. Wykeham has left to us a somewhat dull and monotonous architectural style,

capable however of very dignified effects, and a sound type of traditional education; a poor man's son, unspoiled by a life in kings' courts, he was refined, courtly, upright. He did good work as a bishop, reforming abuses, and keeping his clergy to their work, caring also for their training and teaching; all that he did was within the well-marked lines of the Church. While there is no genius in him or originality, he is the English churchman at his best.

He was succeeded by another statesman-bishop, this time no poor man's son who, by force of noble nature, had used the facilities given by the Church and had lifted himself to be supreme among men, but a man of royal blood, son of 'time-honoured Lancaster,' and half-brother of the reigning king. The men themselves, too, were unlike. An illegitimate son, Henry Beaufort in his early days did not belie the badness of his parentage; nor did he ever show much seriousness or deep sense of religion. For he was a churchman, after the manner of younger sons, because the Church would provide him with wealth and a political career. He was an ardent partisan of the house to which he owed his origin; all the ability of the family centred in him. We all know the grand picture which Shakespeare draws of his character and death; it is splendidly unfair towards him. 'Beaufort by his long life, high rank, wealth, experience, and ability, held a position almost unrivalled in Europe, but he was neither successful nor disinterested; fair and honest and enlightened as his policy may have been, neither at the time nor ever since has the world looked upon him as a benefactor.'

So long as Henry IV. lived, Beaufort sided with the younger Henry, and when the strong young man became king in 1413, was his chief adviser. As such he guided the State with great sagacity and some severity. He sat in judgment on Sir John Oldcastle, and acquiesced without demur in his condemnation, though Sir John had stood in most friendly relations with him and Henry V. He seems to have understood the importance in government of a well-filled purse. One cannot look at his effigy, as it lies in his stately chantry in Winchester Cathedral, without noting the powerful and selfish characteristics of the face, and especially the nose, large, curved, and money-loving. The sums Beaufort had at disposal were so enormous that he was the Rothschild of his day. More than once he lent his royal masters enough money to carry them through their expeditions. While Henry VI. was a child he followed the regent Bedford to France, and took part in the trial and execution of Joan of Arc.

Beaufort also had much to do with the arrangement of the marriage of Henry VI. with Margaret of Anjou. Through Beaufort's influence this handsome and brilliant woman, who had wit and cleverness, energy and intrepidity, joined with a proud and unforgiving spirit, was raised from poverty to the most prominent throne in Europe. But the Cardinal lived only three years after the great marriage, and died in 1447. He left behind him much wealth, and the interesting buildings of his 'Hospital of Noble Poverty' at St. Cross, a second foundation grafted on the ancient almshouse of Henry of Blois, and intended as a refuge for some few members of that feudal nobility

which suffered such changes of fortune in the fifteenth century. After having long fallen into disuse and abuse his foundation was revived in 1881; and now once more his Brethren haunt the streets of Winchester.

Not seldom during this period Henry VI. repaired to Winchester, to watch the progress of Wykeham's great school, where such education as the world had never yet seen was being given. The gentle studious king took especial pleasure in the quiet life of the ancient city, and, from the two colleges of St. Mary Winton, drew his inspiration for the statelier foundations of Eton and King's. At Winchester he came to know the man who was then head master, William Patten of Wayneflete, and when his college at Eton was ready, appointed him first provost. Thence, when Beaufort died, he procured him the succession to the Winchester bishopric. Wayneflete was a very different man from his predecessor; for, though he lived through the worst times of the civil wars, he showed no ambition to take a prominent part in politics. Consequently, strong partisan as he was of the Lancastrian house, he appears to have given no cause of offence to Edward IV.; for, not long after the change of dynasty, Edward visited Winchester, and gave the bishop help and encouragement in the founding of his new college at Oxford. For Wayneflete was as mindful of the advantages of education as his patron Henry VI. had been, and founded Magdalen College, using the revenues of the suppressed monastery at Selborne as part of the endowment. He lived all through the civil wars; but neither he nor his city, which like himself appears to have been steadily Lancastrian, played any important part in the troubles. He

administered his diocese quietly and effectually, outlived the war, and died at Bishop's Waltham in 1486. These three great bishops, Wykeham, Beaufort, and Waynflete, held the see for a hundred and twenty years.

When the see fell vacant, Henry VII. hastened to give it to the man who had, with two others, been a chief agent in the successful revolution of 1485. This was Peter Courtenay, who, after his translation to Winchester, grew infirm, and ruled over the see during five years of calm decay. When he died, the monks built his leaden coffin into a wall in the crypt under the easternmost part of the Cathedral, hard by where he had helped them to erect that last Perpendicular bay, which makes the church a rival in length to St. Albans. And there, when the useless wall was removed in 1885, his coffin was found.

His successor, Thomas Langton, was no statesman-bishop, but something nobler, a pious, learned man, outcome of that revived learning and religion which heralded the great changes of the coming century. He befriended Wykeham's College, and did what he could for education, gathering together a school of youths at Wolvesey, and himself aiding in their instruction and encouraging their efforts. On his death, in 1500, another statesman succeeded, Richard Fox, who had been entrusted by Henry of Richmond with the whole management of his affairs at the French Court at the critical moment just before his successful return to England. The skill of Fox in dealing with crowned heads was shown both at Paris and in Scotland, where he was highly esteemed by James IV., and was the intermediary in the marriage compact between the

Scottish king and the Lady Margaret, from which England got her Stuart dynasty. To Fox the Cathedral owes not only the exquisite chantry which he built at the beginning of his episcopate, but also the completion of the great screen, the clerestory, and the roof of the choir. And, being a man of learning, he, beside other help to colleges and grammar schools, built and endowed Corpus Christi College at Oxford. He appears originally to have meant it to be a nursery in learning for the brethren of St. Swithun's Priory, making the Convent chargeable with the support of eight of the monks, who were to be sent thither from Winchester, one of them to be the warden or president. But under the wiser advice of Bishop Oldham of Exeter he changed his plans, listening to Oldham's prophetic scornful phrase, 'What, my lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihood for a company of bussing monks, whose end and fall we ourselves may live to see?' And so he made his college a place for secular students, abandoning the attempt to pour new wine into the old bottles of monasticism.

For ten years before his death Fox was infirm and blind, and lived at peace in Wolvesey, bountiful and beloved by all. There is a tradition that he was led daily by his chaplain into the Cathedral, and guided up the steps in his chantry; there he was left to sit and meditate on the chequered incidents of his past life and the unknown future which lay before him. All this time Wolsey, his rival in statecraft, the man whom he himself had taken by the hand and introduced to political life, was watching eagerly for his decease. For Henry VIII. had at an earlier time

promised his favourite the preferments about his person; and when the rich see of Winchester fell in, the Archbishop of York was not ashamed to make resolute fight for it, that he might add it to his other preferments, and so perhaps succeed in balancing his accounts; for Wolsey's magnificent schemes and lordly manner of life ever drained his purse. The king was loth to give it; yet, whether for his promise' sake, or because he knew that the great minister's fall was near, he consented. And so, in 1529, Wolsey became Bishop of Winchester. There is a full account in his register of the installation, which was a splendid ceremony, though Wolsey himself was absent. His love of learning and dislike of the monastic world were shown in the haste with which he seized on certain religious houses to endow his colleges of Ipswich and Oxford. He held the see barely two years, and appears not to have visited Winchester. In 1530 he made way for the last of the statesmen-bishops, the helper of Henry in the divorce affair. As Wolsey had risen through Fox, so Gardiner rose through Wolsey, and succeeded him. No character has been more variously handled; for Stephen Gardiner was many-sided. Kind-hearted and a persecutor, ambitious, clever, receptive, and subtle, he was one of the leaders in that little band of reforming prelates within the Church who form so interesting a group. These men were full of modern ideas, warm lovers of art, eager for the new classical learning, and penetrated with dogmas akin to those of the Lutheran movement. But while others cut themselves off from Rome, Gardiner, statesman and artist, clung to the old Church, and in the end became the

instrument of her most vehement efforts at repression. He went with the king on the supremacy, with reform in learning and doctrine, with the papacy in Church discipline and order. No wonder that his career has a chequered look. It is probable that a scholar's dislike of monks and zeal for education smoothed the way for the conversion of St. Swithun's into a dean and chapter in 1541. William Kingsmill, the prior, was willing that the religious house should go, and a chapter be set in its place, charged with the interests of scholarship and education. The Priory had escaped the earlier suppressions, as its revenues largely exceeded 200*l.* a year. Before long however the attack on the greater monasteries came on; and when it was announced that each of those cathedrals, in which the bishops had been elected by a monastic chapter, was to receive a dean and canons, both Gardiner and Prior Kingsmill determined to carry out the change with as little loss as might be. St. Swithun's was somewhat impoverished, the number of brethren had fallen very low, and it was not easy to keep up the state and hospitalities of the Cathedral Convent. The change came without any outcry or protest of any kind. The best of the monks were absorbed into the new foundation, with their prior Kingsmill as the first 'original and modern dean'; the rest were probably pensioned off. The twelve prebendaries or canons were supposed still to live in common, and under them were twelve peticanons to sing masses and other services, and a crowd of lesser officers. Some of the estates seized into the king's hand were restored by letters patent, which make a strong point of the educational aim of the body,

as do also the original statutes, 'that where ignorance and superstition used to reign, there the pure worship of God should flourish and the gospel of Jesus Christ be continually and purely preached, and, furthermore, that the youth of the realm be educated liberally'; and a good show was made by an order that the chapter should support twelve students in theology, six at either university. It was too good to last. In 1545 the dean and chapter had to surrender to the king five estates instead of the charge for these scholarships, and the twelve students disappeared for ever. Finally, by a stroke of his autocratic pen, Henry VIII. in his statutes sweeps away the ancient dedications of the Cathedral, making nothing of SS. Peter and Paul, of Birinus and Swithun, of Hedda and Æthelwold, and orders that it shall henceforth be styled only 'the Church of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity,' which is the proper and legal name of the edifice to the present day. For a time in the seventeenth century it appears to have actually gone by the name of Trinity Church.

The new body, to a large extent, kept on the old manner of life. They were celibates, living in common, having their meals in the refectory together, with a reader to read the Gospels the while; they appear only slowly to have gotten houses for themselves out of the ancient buildings of the Convent, considerable portions of which, the Chapter House and Cloister more particularly, perished in the course of the century. The dean lived in the prior's lodgings, one large hall with two or three chambers attached, and with a passage through into the Cathedral. It was not till after the Great Rebellion that the canons' houses were finally set

in order. The services in the Cathedral remained at first unchanged; nor was there, till after Henry was gone, any variation in doctrine or usage. The injunctions issued for Winchester at the beginning of Edward VI.'s reign show how little the movement of the Reformation had up to that time penetrated within the walls. Even the remarkable fact that the second dean, Sir John Mason, Knight, was a layman (just as Thomas Cromwell also held a deanery) does not indicate much change; for Mason was not touched with reforming ideas, and, after his resignation of the deanery, when Mary came to the throne, was much employed on diplomatic and delicate work abroad by the Queen and her consort Philip. One would like to know whether the lay dean took any part in the actual services of the Church; whether the statesman preached those sermons which under King Henry's statutes the dean was bound to preach, or wore the surplice and statutable raiment, or took any part in the services. It is probable that he did none of these things, but regarded his dean's office solely as a convenient pension for a valued public servant.

With Gardiner's death, early in Queen Mary's reign, ends the proud series of statesmen-bishops. The new conditions of Church life henceforth forbid any such combination of ecclesiastic and minister; the bishops cease to be rulers in the land, and lay statesmen take their place.

CHAPTER XIII.

WINCHESTER AS A SEAT OF LEARNING AND EDUCATION.

Learning in the Old Minster—The School of St. Swithun—William of Wykeham educated in it—The advance made by him—The original character of his two Colleges—The share in education taken by St. Swithun's in the fifteenth century—By the Dean and Chapter.

In early days what learning existed in Wessex was to be found at the capital, and there it centred in the Benedictine House of St. Swithun. Tradition says that this was first due to the enlightened efforts of the Saint himself; but we do not know whether the famed 'School of St. Swithun,' which stood just outside the Cathedral Close, and certainly existed before the Norman Conquest, dates from his time.

King Alfred appears to have had at Winchester a Palace School, answering to that at the Court of Charles the Great. Learning, however, fell on but a poor soil at the New Minster, though the boys serving the altars there must have been under some kind of supervision, as there is extant a letter addressed, early in the eleventh century, to Bishop Alfege by a certain Eadwine, who calls himself 'monk and child-master of the New Minster.'

On the other hand, the Old Minster was notable

for a succession of learned men, and for efforts on behalf of learning. Here the remarkable group of students in Alfred's day made their influence felt; it was by St. Swithun's monks that the Chronicle was completed; the roll of men of letters at Winchester belongs entirely to St. Swithun's.

The School was under charge of that Convent, and was probably favoured by Alfred, who may have wished it to answer to that of St. Frideswyde at Oxford, out of which sprang the 'Studium Generale,' or University. The St. Swithun's School must have been in much repute in the days of Henry II., for Jordan 'the Spectre,' the master, was a man of literary mark. He had his house by the school premises in what is now Symond Street, so called from the little Hospital built in it, in the seventeenth century, by Peter Symond, a citizen. In this School of St. Swithun education was given free; we find that Henry of Blois gave command that thirteen of its poorest scholars should each have his daily portion of food from St. Cross; so that the good bishop carried out two of the educational aspirations of to-day—free teaching and free dinner for the little ones. The course of study, the 'trivial round,' was the simple curriculum of the day. William of Wykeham was sent to this school in his childhood by his patron, Sir John Scures; and here he learned all that was to be had, 'Grammar,' which meant reading and writing, geometry, French, and perhaps some Latin, arithmetic, and dialectic. This seems to have been all Wykeham's learning, for he did not proceed to the University to take a degree; whence, no doubt, came those curious charges of ignorance of Latin and

theology which were brought against him by his opponents.

The traces of learning in Winchester after this time are very slight; in the fourteenth century the bishops of the diocese frequently grant leave of absence to their beneficed clergy that they may spend one or two years in study 'at Oxford or some other place in which a "Studium Generale" flourishes'; and in the Cathedral library there is still a fine fourteenth-century MS. of the Biblical Concordance of Conrad of Germany, written in the Scriptorium of St. Swithun's for the use of industrious monks. A smaller copy of the same work also exists in New College library, with a notice on the flyleaf that it is to be lent from time to time at the discretion of the warden and fellows to some one student in divinity. The book shows that at this early date the study of the Scriptures was not forgotten in the Cloister.

And now came the great advance in education due to William of Wykeham—an advance unhappily fatal to the claims of the poor citizens and their sons. It was not till after he had completed his New College at Oxford that in 1387 he began to build at Winchester. Already for some years his scholars had been lodged with their master hard by St. John's Church 'on the hill,' in the eastern part of the Soke. Whether the old Grammar School was transferred thither, or was allowed to fall into decay, we know not; it is certain that the aims of the two institutions were different. The Grammar School had provided teaching apparently for all, even the poorest. The malign thought of classes and of rich and poor in education, had not yet come into being;

whereas Wykeham's new College aimed more specially at raising the tone and acquirements of one class. It was to train boys for the greater College at Oxford, and to make them into more cultivated priests. At election as scholars they were to be poor and needy, fairly taught in the rudiments, and showing signs of capacity. A few others, of more wealth or rank, 'to the number of ten,' might be educated with them. And so began the famous College of St. Mary of Winton. The example set by Wykeham's College was soon followed elsewhere, and led eventually to that full development of the 'public school system,' which, with its good and bad points, all perhaps peculiar to England, has had an enormous influence on this country. For five hundred years Wykeham's school has done its work for English boyhood, and though often indifferent to some of the true objects of education, still has given young Englishmen of the upper ranks much of that manliness and uprightness of character, which has stood them in good stead during the long period in which they have had the government of the country in their hands. Modern changes in Oxford, while they have freed New College from complete dependence on Winchester, have left the general character of the education unaltered, though the school is much enlarged and improved.

The fifteenth century shows us few traces of education at Winchester; the learned movement seems scarcely to have touched the south of England. We know only that Bishop Langton organised his own school at Wolvesey, and that the College prospered, and sent the students steadily to Oxford; also that the monasteries supported a few young men at the Universities; thus in

1400 and 1427 there are two 'exhibitioners' from St. Swithun's at Oxford: in the earlier year they received each twenty pence, in the latter year three and fourpence, as yearly 'exhibitions.' Bishop Fox had aimed at making his college a home for eight of the St. Swithun's monks, though this was not adhered to; sometimes there were no monastic scholars, sometimes one or two, and again in 1536 none, 'because of the heavy payments the house had to make to the king'; for Henry VIII. was a great hinderer of education, as was the case with the twelve divinity students at the two Universities, whom he had attached so hopefully to the new Chapter of Winchester in 1541, only to swallow them up in 1545. It would seem that the king, possibly to satisfy Gardiner, who really did care for education, at first consented to this endowment for the scholars, and soon repented of such a relapse into a disinterested care for learning. The result of his selfishness, and of the reckless destruction of the conventual bodies, which, with all their faults, did have some interest in learning, is simply summarized by Bishop Latimer, who, speaking of the state of education near the end of Edward VI.'s reign, does not hesitate to say, 'I think there be at this day ten thousand students less than were within these twenty years.' And so from this time onwards, while Wykeham's College steadily continued to do good work, within the narrowed limits it had traced out for itself, the Dean and Chapter became, and have since been, a cipher in the matter of education; nor can any general influence of Winchester on the mental growth of England be traced.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CIVIC CONSTITUTION AND COMMERCE OF WINCHESTER.

The Merchant Guild—The trade of the Fairs—The Mayor—The 'Twenty-four'—The Bailiffs—Charter of Queen Elizabeth—The Aldermen—Representation in Parliament—The Firma Burgi—The Bishop's authority in the city—Independence of the Monasteries—Loss of trade—The Fraternities—Resistance to Charles II.

WE may begin to lay the foundations of the civic constitution of Winchester in early times. Even before Alfred's days it had a distinct civic life. It is said that in 856 Æthelwulf had granted her a Merchant Guild, one of the very earliest English combinations for trade. He also set there a 'husting,' or place for deliberation and self-government, perhaps due, with the name itself, to Scandinavian influences; the citizens, it means to say, met not in the open square or under the ancient tree, but in a building or courthouse of some kind. It is not improbable that Æthelwulf also appointed that 'Wicgerefa' Beornwulf, a civic dignitary, who is named in the English Chronicle as having died in 897; he was the predecessor of the Norman Provost, and of the later officer with a French title, the Mayor.

So far as we can discern there was no other muni-

cipal life: the Merchant Guild and the king's officers between them controlled the city; on important occasions, the citizens, early styled burghers, met for discussion, and perhaps to decide on action, in their husting. Two things are clear: first, that the constitutional life of Winchester is of exceedingly early growth; next, that this growth was affected and modified by many peculiarities in the composition of the city and the diverse authorities in it. In many mediæval towns we trace the progress of a struggle, now between imperial or royal authority and the civic power, now between burgher and bishop, now between some great lord and the merchants: at Winchester there were all these forms of variance. It was a royal residence; it was also the home of those Ladies who had received the city as their morning-gift; one of the greatest of mediæval bishops held sway from Wolvesey over a large part of the population; the monasteries also had their own jurisdictions and liberties, and interfered in civic affairs; while the municipal body early took shape, and had amidst infinite risks and difficulties to keep watch over the commercial and personal interests of the citizens.

In the time of Henry I. Winchester was at its best: it was the seat of government, and had a staple manufacture of cloth made from the wool of the down-sheep. As a centre of exchange and trade it still rivalled London; for so long as Southampton was a chief port, Winchester had a main share in its commerce. In the town craftsmen of every kind, weavers, goldsmiths, fullers, and smiths, abounded under the shelter of the Merchant Guild. There were also smaller guilds, and the famous mints, fixed there 'for ever' by John; here

too were the royal archives, the standard weights and measures, and 'the great chest' of the treasury. The fairs brought into the city a vigorous trade with foreign merchants from every land; St. Giles' fair was the chief mart for cloth and woollen goods, for English and foreign wines, for brass-work, pottery, spices, and every manner of outlandish produce. The Receiver's Roll at St. Swithun's for 133$\frac{4}{5}$ gives insight into the monks' trade in the fair. That year the convent bought forty casks of red wine, by way of Southampton; for consumption or sale they had 136 sheep, 11,300 white herrings, and 42,000 red; 220 salted salmon, with endless quantities of salted cod and mullet, conger, hake, and mackerel. Also they bought great store of 'spices,' 550 quarters of almonds; 201 of rice, ginger also, cinnamon, and pepper, 'galengi,' mace, crocus or saffron, sugar (a great delicacy in many shapes), raisins from 'Coryns,' cotton, wax, dates, 'comfits and other spices,' and honey; together with large quantities of cloth and furs. Some of these things were consumed at home, while the chief part of them went to the 'St. Swithun's Spicery' at the fair, which, while it lasted, arrested the natural life and trade of the city. The bishop stepped in and suspended the civic government, closing all shops in and around Winchester, and even at Southampton. He took the chief profits, while smaller portions of them went to the religious houses. Thus St. Swithun's had thirty marks yearly from it 'for the reparation and emendation of the great Church.'

In the year 1884 the civic authorities celebrated with much enthusiasm the seven-hundredth anniversary of the beginning of their corporate life. But this date

seems to be arbitrary. On the one hand there was some form of city government long before it; and, on the other hand, there is no proof of the existence of a mayor and corporation till a somewhat later time. The 'Winton Domesday,' which names all the chief citizens, and some of the chief offices, knows nothing of any corporate body beyond the guilds. We know that the city enjoyed very distinct franchises, and had interesting and early liberties; yet the charter of Henry II., while it says that 'the citizens in their Merchant Guild shall enjoy all such liberties as they had in the days of Henry I.,' gives no hint of anything like a mayor, who would certainly have been mentioned had he existed. The first authentic notice of the office occurs in John's reign; while the title of provost survives till the days of Henry III. In the full borough-mote of 1269 two bailiffs are mentioned, and no mayor. Winchester has long honoured a first mayor, in 1184, one 'Florence de Lunn,' a mythical personage —a fancied offshoot perhaps from one 'Laurence de Anne,' who, under Henry I., paid landgable in the city. Another 'Laurencius de Anne' was mayor in 1304. Henry II. in his charters is careful to protect traders and foreigners coming to the city; and in 1190 Richard I. ordains that the citizens of the Guild-Merchant shall be free of toll, and 'lestage,' and bridge-toll, in the fair and out of it, and at all seaports. He charges the sheriff of Hampshire or the provost of the city to protect them in their rights. The duties of the provost, wickreeve, or portreeve, were partly entrusted later on to the new officer, the mayor; as at Exeter, he was set over the bailiffs or provosts. It is not easy to say when this title came into England, or how far it indicated a new state of things in a

civic community, or whether it was only a French name for an officer already existing. The name seems to imply a Commune, and to be connected with the beginnings of a general municipal life. It is interesting to note that the charter of King John, in handing over to the citizens the two mills at Coitebury for the repair of their walls and buildings, shows that there already existed some kind of corporate body in the city, in charge of the city's property, and capable of holding real estate, and so possessed of definite authority. Still, neither in this charter nor in the other by King John is any reference to a mayor. That title was at first used fitfully, and in a somewhat indefinite manner. In the Winchester Annals, under 1243, the bishop is seen excommunicating monks and clerks, 'et *majores* civitatis et omnes ballivos ejus,' where the word can only mean 'the greater citizens,' whereas the corresponding entry in the Waverley Annals states that the king sent his messengers '*majori* Wintoniæ,' recognising one chief officer only under that title. This however is of no great importance, as the time at which these entries were made was doubtless later. It is remarkable that no charter before that of Queen Elizabeth, in 158$\frac{1}{2}$, definitely states that the city was governed by a mayor and two bailiffs, though we know that this body had long been in existence.

From the very interesting roll of the by-laws or customs of Winchester, still preserved among the city archives, and written, as experts in mediæval handwriting affirm, at some time in the fourteenth century, we learn that the mayor and two bailiffs and twenty-four men had already for some time been the established

government of the town. These twenty-four were perhaps originally appointed by the whole commonalty of the city, the members of the Guild-Merchant. They appear in these early days to have secured to themselves the right of electing the mayor, and had but lately taken the place, it would seem, of a less well-defined body of senators; for the roll says, 'These twentie-four gesworen in stede of the meste gode men and of the wyseste of the town for to treulache helpe and counseyle the forsayde meyr for to save and custoyne the fraunchyse.' Their special position as the mayor's advisers and council is here brought forward very clearly; and, so long as they had the appointment of him in their own hands, their authority over the city must have been supreme. These four-and-twenty, the 'gesworen,' or jurats, representatives of, and, as we see in the election of bailiffs, sometimes antagonistic to, the commonalty of the city, were elected yearly in full borough-mote. They were the true predecessors of the present eighteen councillors, elected in groups of six from each of the three wards into which the city was divided in 1835. There is early evidence of their determination to fight for their own authority, and they seem to have been successful in making good their claims. Though at first they elected the mayor, later on they selected two men, one of whom the outgoing mayor had to nominate as his successor. They also took part in the election of those important officers the bailiffs, who, in one phrase, are styled the '*Dusiperi*,' literally, 'the twelve peers,' or (as it afterwards came to mean) 'the comrades' of the mayor, in the words, 'Major et ejus Dusiperi.' The twenty-four had to

choose four of their own body, from whom the commonalty selected one; and then the commonalty chose four out of their own number, of whom the twenty-four selected one; and these two became the bailiffs, who, with the mayor, formed the early executive of the city. And so the city was ruled till our own day.

The great charter of Queen Elizabeth, granted in 158$\frac{7}{8}$, which governed the city down to the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, gives us a clear notion of the constitution. It was by a mayor, six aldermen (who were thus raised from a much lower level), two bailiffs, two coroners, two constables, and other officers, recorder, and deputy-recorder, or town clerk; all to be chosen 'from the elder, and principal, and more honest sort of inhabitants and citizens'; and after these were the 'twenty-four persons of the said city of the better, more discreet, and more honest sort,' to be elected in the borough-mote. This charter also makes use of a notable phrase, which calls to our remembrance the mediæval German city; for it proceeds to say 'that it shall be for ever hereafter a Free City of itself' ('libera civitas de se'); by which nothing answering to the ancient German free town is intended, but only a body politic, capable of holding lands and other property, of having a common seal of its own, and of administering its own affairs within the walls. And even this power is considerably limited by a clause which saves the rights and privileges of the Bishop of Winchester, the Lord of the Soke, the chief suburbs of the city: as such he ruled over a considerable proportion of the population. The charter also guarantees the rights of the dean and chapter, who looked with some little jealousy

on 'the neighbouring city,' as they style it in their petition to Charles I.; it also authorizes the establishment and regulation of two markets weekly, which to some extent still exist, and of three fairs in the year, with the usual Court of Pye Powder, and with all the profits thence accruing.

On important occasions the whole body of citizens was called together for consultation. The aldermen, in later days the civic aristocracy, were originally officers placed over each of the wards of the city, and entrusted with the administration of it. They had to look after the cleaning and repairing the streets: they kept order, and had a kind of general charge. It was not till early in the sixteenth century that they are interposed between the mayor and the twenty-four men. There were usually two assemblies of the commonalty in each year, one on Hockaday (the Tuesday-week after Easter), the other at Michaelmas; at the later date the officers for the ensuing year were elected. And thus there grew up by degrees a full constitutional system, an important element in the slow growth of England's liberties. Charters granted to other towns recited or referred to what had been done for Winchester; the Merchant Guild is said to have been the first corporation permitted to exist within the kingdom, and all who belonged to it, and they only, were properly styled citizens: Winchester is, with some truth, spoken of, even in King John's time, as 'a little independent state in the heart of the realm.' Soon the burghers send two representatives to Parliament, as in 1283, when, in the eleventh year of Edward I., they are first recorded; from that day to this the city, though fallen to the rank

of a small provincial town, has always had a full share in the government of the country.

These Parliament men were originally elected by the votes of the freemen, who belonged to the Merchant Guild. And although this body was very irregularly recruited, and though those who were qualified often cared so little for their privileges that they neglected to take up the franchise, still the Guild formed a fairly representative body, and the burgesses whom they sent to Parliament spoke with authority in behalf of the interests of the venerable city. Before the Reform Act of 1832 the number of freemen who exercised the privilege of the franchise had fallen to sixty-seven; that Act, which threw the political balance into the hands of the merchants and shopkeepers throughout the country, left Winchester with her full representation. The last Reform Bill, the effect of which was the transfer of the political preponderance from the trading classes to the artizan population, whether in town or country, necessarily, in the readjustment of seats, deprived Winchester of one of her two members of Parliament, while it enlarged the limits of her suffrage. Still, even for one representative, the city has but a small number of voters.

The mayor and bailiffs must have had great difficulty in holding their own, so many were the elements of discord. As a rule they were content (and their policy was generally a safe one) to support the party of the king for the time being against all assailants; in this policy they appear to have been generally supported by the commonalty. In early days Winchester, as a royal city, had been handed over as 'morning-gift,' and then as dowry, to one or other of

the queens of England. Unfortunately, no trustworthy records exist to throw light on the relations between the city and its 'Lady'; it is more than probable that it paid to Queen Emma, then to Queen Edith, and afterwards to others, such rents and sums as it was bound to pay to the king as lord. We learn something as to these sums from the Winton Domesday. These moneys were collected on behalf of the king by the high steward of the city, and by him paid over to the royal treasury; and when there was an exacting officer, the city fared but ill. This system in course of time gave place to a better plan, under which the king granted the *Firma Burgi*, or letting of the city at farm, to the citizens; that is, he took a fixed sum from them, and left them to collect the rents and payments as they could. The municipal authorities levied such a tax as would raise the sum required, not only on houses, but on the many stalls or shops for sale of goods which existed in the streets. In earlier times the kings were very careful to emphasize their ownership of the city, and their leases ran 'quamdiu regi placuerit'; and often, when the leases ran out, the mayor had a difficult time; for, though this rent secured some independent life to the city, and gave, through the joint responsibility for it, a certain corporate character, it is plain that a city growing poorer might well find it a heavy burden. The fee-farm rent is mentioned first in 1157, when it was 142*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.*, a sum much raised in the prosperous times that followed, for in 1162 it was 197*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* In the next century it fell to 80*l.*, and in 126$\frac{4}{5}$, on the prayer of the impoverished citizens, it was put at a hundred marks. As by degrees the trade of the place grew less flourishing,

this rent grew less with it, and the citizens struggled hard, with melancholy complaints, to get relief from their burthens. At last the remaining traces of this relation with the crown disappeared in a charter of George III. in 1762. A few 'fee-farm rents' on houses and buildings originally the king's property are still to this day levied, amounting in all to the trifling sum of 11*l.* annually, and the city is still bound to pay, and pays, a yearly sum of forty marks to the Marquis of Winchester.

On another side also the mayor's authority was hampered. The power of the bishop, whose castle of Wolvesey, and the Soke around it, were withdrawn from civic jurisdiction, must often have caused great difficulty to the mayor. We can see how important this was from a charter of King John, which gives the dues on the river-traffic passing through the Soke not to the city but to the bishop, Godfrey Lucy, in consideration of the canal and navigation which that enterprising prelate had made ('per trancheam quam dictus episcopus fieri fecit') all the way from the salt water to Alresford. This district of the Soke was under the sole jurisdiction of the bishop, governed by his officers, at the head of whom stood the 'Bailiff of the Soke,' an important personage, who continued down to modern days, his office and several jurisdiction having come to an end only in 1835. He used apparently to be sometimes styled 'the mayor of the Soke,' to emphasize his independence from the mayor within the walls: each division of the Soke, east and west, had three tything-men and a constable. There exists also a precept of the year 161$\frac{6}{7}$, in which 'the officer of the court of the Soke' is ordered to summon to the next court held 'de la

Cheyne Court,' twelve good and legal men of the neighbourhood of the Soke to do justice between two inhabitants of the place; and this precept is entrusted to 'Martin Yalden, gentleman, bailiff of the same.' This Cheyney court is a chamber now entirely within the walls of the Cathedral Close, hard by the southern entrance; it was probably of old entered from the street. In it the bishop, through his officer, held court every Thursday for the recovery of debts of tenants within the Soke; some of the furniture of this curious court of law still remains in the building. The prelate had also his own prison in the tower of Wolvesey Palace.

Still more was the bishop's hand felt when the time for St. Giles's Fair came round, for then his officers completely overrode the civic authorities: they took possession of all the gates, and set their own watch, dismissing those belonging to the city; they compelled the mayor and bailiffs to accompany them round the town, as they proclaimed the fair at certain fixed spots, and finally brought them up to the justiciaries of the Fair Court, sitting on St. Giles's Hill. Here the mayor and bailiffs were suspended from office, and the justiciaries appointed their own mayor, bailiffs, and coroner for the city during fair-time. All civic jurisdiction came to an end; offenders were dealt with in the bishop's courts and by his officers; nor might any trade be carried on within the city or in its neighbourhood during the sixteen days of the fair. It speaks highly for the self-control of the citizens that, whatever grievances and grudges there were, there were very few outbreaks of ill-will or resistance on their part. One such case occurs under

Edward I., when John le Devenissche, with others, obstructed the bishop's officers in taking the profits of the fair. Another example is seen in the rough times when Henry III. ordered the mayor in 1243 to shut his gates against Bishop William Raley. The mayor did as he was bidden, and was afterwards subjected by the bishop to very heavy penalties for obeying his king rather than the spiritual lord of Winchester.

The independent position of the monasteries was also a thorn in the mayor's side, limiting his jurisdiction on every hand. We have seen this plainly in the manor of Godebiete, in the middle of the High Street, over against the very throne of civic authority, the Guildhall. We find another proof of these difficulties in a deed of 1340, in which we are told that the citizens were at variance with the monks of the Old Minster about the vacant ground on which the New Minster had formerly stood. The citizens used the site as a market, building huts and booths, and when warned off by the monks, defended themselves, and wounded some among the brethren. The feeling ran so high that the citizens even threatened to burn down the Cathedral church. This open space was a debatable land on the margin of the two jurisdictions, and must have been a source of no small anxiety to the mayor. Nor was he without his critics among the citizens: we are told that in the second of Henry V. one John Parmiter, a name well known in Winchester to this day, was punished for 'blaspheming the mayor,' by hinting that his worship intended to sell the Coitebury mill without consent of the citizens. It was no easy matter, in the midst of all these difficulties, for

the mayor to rule; and it is not astonishing if we find recorded in the archives of the city many efforts to uphold his authority and that of the Corporation: such as the scarlet gowns or cloaks as outer symbols of power, and the right to imprison and fine audacious critics for using 'slanderous words and mysdemeanours' against the chief magistrate. In the seventeenth century the repair of the city walls and fortifications was entrusted to the mayor, and he is frequently named as having been appointed warden of the Castle by the king. At an earlier time the corporation exercised the power of taxation and assessment of 'artificers and others inhabiting and using trades within the citty, and not free therof, as for the opening of their shop windows,' though in time the city appears to have lost this right of local taxation.

Thus it appears clearly that for centuries the corporate life of Winchester was beset with great and continual dangers, which to a certain extent answered to the struggles and difficulties which marked the civic life in the chief towns abroad. Winchester also seems to have felt something of the conflict between the aristocratic guild-merchant and the more democratic craft-guilds. This contest has, however, left little trace here, in comparison with the strife which raged in foreign cities, or in such important towns as Bristol; nor was it till Queen Elizabeth's charter of 1587 that the civic government was finally settled on a sound basis. Then Winchester became for ever 'a free city for itself,' with a complete body corporate. The charter also regulates all matters of local government, confirms the city in possession of its property, and secures to it the power of levying taxes and tolls within the

city or at the gates. Under this charter the city dwelt in peace, till the Municipal Corporations Reform Act of 1835 altered the form of its constitution, and created the municipality which now exists. The mayor, recorder, high-steward, town-clerk, the clerk of the peace, and the six aldermen are left; the two bailiffs, that ancient office, disappeared, as also did one of the two coroners; we lose the interesting 'twenty-four men,' and in their room, the six wards of the city having been reduced to three, and the aldermen released from direct connexion with them, each ward henceforward elects six councillors, making a body of eighteen. The corporate body was no longer to be styled 'the mayor, bailiffs, and commonalty of the city,' but 'the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses'; the bishop's jurisdiction of the Soke now came to an end; and for rating purposes even the Cathedral Close itself has at last become part of the city.

Century by century the trade and prosperity of Winchester decreased. The growth of larger towns, the want of a tidal or really navigable river, the removal of the wool-trade to East Anglia or to Flanders, the material ruin of the city in the civil wars of Stephen, and in the confusions of the time of Henry III., the loosening of the relations between Normandy and England — these and other causes had combined to weaken the trade of the place. In the fourteenth century also the city lost ground by the ruin of Southampton in 1338, when the French attacked and burnt it. Before the district could recover from this destruction of 'the port of Winchester,' another and still heavier blow came in the fearful ravages of that series of epidemics which is known by the name of the Black Death. It

entered Hampshire through Southampton just before the middle of the century. Even the monasteries were much impoverished by it: thus, in 1325 St. Swithun's had had sixty-five monks, whereas after 1350 the number fell below forty, nor could William of Wykeham, with all his wealth and good will, ever bring it up again. While the plague specially affected the wool trade, the sack of Southampton had stopped that in wine, so that the two special industries of Winchester both suffered in this century. In 1363 the woolstaple was transferred to Calais, and the city languished more and more. In evidence of this we have a doleful plaint in the middle of the next century: so poor and weak had the city become that the fee-farm had to be reduced in 1401 and again in 1452. And Edward IV., in a charter, which begins as an 'Inspeximus' of letters patent of Henry VI., acknowledges it, speaking of Winchester as 'one of the most ancient cities, and for coronations and investitures of so many kings his predecessors famous, but now through frequent plagues and withdrawals of citizens and merchants so ruined, by the destruction of eleven streets, seventeen churches, and 987 houses, within the last fifty years, that it is now quite unable to pay the fee-farm rent of a hundred marks.' Henceforward all civic documents breathe a spirit of depression, with many allusions to the prevailing poverty. The violence of the epidemics was due mainly to the unsavoury state of houses and roadways, to the pollution of the bright stream, to the carelessness of citizens, who, like John Langeford, would throw even dead horses, and all manner of refuse, 'filthe, dust, and donge,' into the streets, to the total

want of drainage, and the keeping of pigs and other beasts in sheds built up against the crowded houses.

Winchester enjoyed a little gleam of prosperity when, in consequence of the turbulence of the Londoners, in 1456 the Italian merchants—Venetians, Genoese, Florentines, and Lucchese—abandoned London and settled at Winchester, their ships being ordered to harbour at Southampton. This however stayed the decline only for a time; it is referred to in another sad document, a petition to Philip and Mary for the remission of the ulnage, or cloth duty—'the same your city, in tyme past hath bin a citie of great fame, wealthe, and prosperite, by reason of a contynuall marte and staple of long tyme there kept, and by the common repayre of Venetians and all merchant straungers to your port of Southampton with all kind of merchandise,' but is now 'ruined and decayed of longe tyme past by reason that the sayd port hath not been contynued and frequented of long tyme as then it was,' so that the making of kerseys and broad cloth languished, and the city could not pay the fee-farm: the revival of trade was therefore very transient.

The archives of the city contain some interesting proofs of the care with which the 'incorporated fraternities' or guilds were nurtured by the mayor and corporation. In 1580 there had been bitter lament of shoemakers and tailors, 'for sundry abuses and enormities of late years sprung up and suffered.' These 'abuses and enormities' appear mainly to have been the interloping of persons who undersold the regular tradesmen, and did not belong to a guild. In consequence the mayor issued two very strict ordinances, one on

behalf of the incorporated shoemakers and cobblers, forbidding persons 'so unlawfully setting up the trades, sciences, and mysteries,' who 'either ignorantly or for wicked lucre's and gain's sake, utter and sell to the people booted shoes, slippers, and pantaples, made of faulty, deceatful, and evil-tanned leather'; such ill-doers shall not hereafter 'clout, pin, or sole any old shoes, boots, buskins, slippers, skertoppes, or pantaples,' under sharp penalties of fine and forfeiture. And similar regulations were issued on behalf of the tailors and hosiers. And, as if these restrictive measures were not enough to strangle the town, we find a little later that a heavy fine was imposed on those who desired by settling down in Winchester to arrest the waning prosperity of the city.

With these misguided ordinances went a certain doggedness of character in the leading tradesfolk, who certainly did not lack independence of spirit. When Charles II. ordered the civic authorities to surrender their charters, they fought hard for their rights and liberties. There had been an earlier trouble in the city, when in 1664 the mayor and some of the aldermen were seized and thrown into prison in the Castle by Captain Edmond Clerke, without cause assigned. The king's council, however, came speedily to the rescue, and within a week ordered their release, commanding the captain to make a proper and full submission to the mayor and aldermen for having 'unduly and illegally' imprisoned them; the stubborn captain, however, refused to make amends till he in his turn had been sent to prison. For twenty years the city suffered much from royal severity and from internal dissensions;

the king forced his friends into the corporation in order to carry his will, and the citizens bravely resisted; at last, worn out, they sullenly surrendered the documents, and paid a heavy fine before they were allowed to receive their new charter. The episode is a curious example of the meanness of arbitrary government: the king forced his creatures into the freedom of the city, to secure a majority who should elect his friends to the chief posts; he quartered soldiers on peaceful citizens, a trick learnt from his friend Louis XIV.; he used exactions, threats, and imprisonments. Throughout he met with a dogged, if ineffectual, resistance, which contributed in its degree to save the ancient constitutional liberties of England from perishing under the Stewarts.

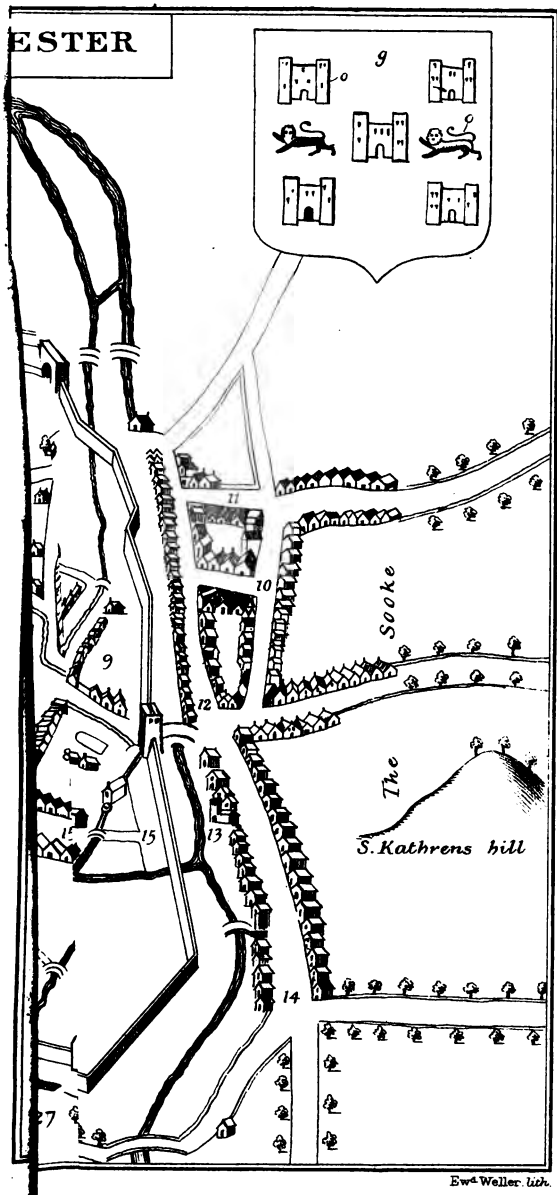
After the end of the seventeenth century the trade of Winchester, long languishing, was aroused, though to futile hopes, by the new canal to Southampton, undertaken 'for the relief of the poor' in 1660, by subscription and aid of public bodies in the city. Southampton resisted it, and got the traffic restricted to the carriage of 'coals and the Norway trade'; the canal therefore could not prosper; and it was allowed to fall into disuse; the reopening of it in the present century was also a profitless venture. The wine trade had long been gone; the cloth trade was very feeble, and by the time of the Revolution Winchester was fast sinking into the position of a quiet country town, owing almost all its small prosperity to the stately Cathedral, to Wykeham's College, and to the retail traffic of market and fair; in modern times no manufacture has sprung up in the city, nor any other element of independent life.

CHAPTER XV.

WINCHESTER FROM THE REFORMATION PERIOD.

Queen Mary's marriage—Changes under Elizabeth—Bishop Horne's reforms—State trials at Wolvesey under James I.—Raleigh's trial—Laud's reforms—Ship-money—The civil war—Occupation by Waller—Siege by Cromwell—State of the Close during and after the Commonwealth—The plague—The King's House—Judge Jeffreys at Winchester—Trelawney on the Papists—The later bishops—The Hospital—Foreign refugees—Changes in buildings—Present aspect of city—Conclusion.

WHEN Queen Mary came to the throne she summoned Bishop Gardiner to her side, made him chancellor, and was crowned by him. Winchester, which had shown but a lukewarm interest in the movements of the Reformation, received him back the more gladly because Queen Mary, guided by the convenience of the spot, by the fact that Hampshire was still Catholic and docile, and by her affection for the bishop, had decided that her wedding with Philip of Spain should take place in the Cathedral. And so the queen, coming from Farnham, arrived there in heavy rain, alighting at Wolvesey, where Gardiner entertained her; and on the same day Philip, who had landed at Southampton two days before, 'resorted to her grace's city of Winchester' in a cruel wind and violent down-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pour of rain, riding slowly all the way with a great cavalcade of followers. He dismounted at the Deanery, where he was lodged in somewhat humble fashion. Then on St. James's Day the ill-favoured couple were solemnly married by Gardiner before the high altar; and so was achieved the union between England and the Catholic reaction, now in full course. The poor queen gave her whole heart to the ugly lad, while his soul was set only on his religious and political aims. For both prince and queen the marriage was a failure.

Nevertheless for the moment the splendid pageant of Winchester Cathedral marked the high tide of Catholic hopes. England returning into the old ways, France neutralized, Germany much divided, the Netherlands soon to be forced back into orthodoxy—all looked well for the cause. The reforming party within the Church had either been driven out or, like Gardiner, who had before been very willing to advance reforms, was frightened back into violence. The reformers were divided and scattered; the reactionaries had a fine new organization in the militant Jesuit order, and a revived headship in the reformed Papacy: no wonder that Philip looked forward to the day when he should trample down those common folk who dared to resist the forces of authority. The struggle thus begun lasted for a century, closing in the dreary compromise of the Peace of Westphalia, far away from tranquil Winchester.

The effects of this new alliance were soon felt at Winchester. Sir John Mason, the lay dean, vanished quietly from the Deanery. On Gardiner's death, in 1555, the bishopric lay vacant for two years, and the

revenues, or part of them, were given to Reginald Pole, the queen's kinsman. And when, in 1557, Mary promoted Dr. White, formerly warden of the college and prebendary, to the bishopric, she stipulated that he should pay 1,000*l.* a year to Pole for his lifetime. It was under White's reactionary rule that Winchester kindled her one 'beacon-light' of the Reformation, when a poor creature, one Bembridge, was burnt in the Square, hard by the entrance into the Cathedral yard. The city acquiesced cheerfully in this expression of Queen Mary's will; for reformed ideas had little hold here, and the loyal citizens were ever pleased if their king was pleased. Mary also, though she could not replace the Benedictines at St. Swithun's, created a shadowy 'Prior of Winchester,' the ghost of a substance, which some hoped presently again to see established under the lee of the Cathedral.

When she died, and Elizabeth succeeded to the perilous throne, the change was felt at once. The bold bishop, who ventured in his funeral sermon on his royal mistress to praise the dead rather than the living, was first arrested, then released unscathed; for Elizabeth was a politician, and would drive none to excess. In 1560, however, when Bishop White refused the oath of supremacy, he was deprived; he died soon after. The dean and several of the Cathedral body, sympathising with the older order of things, also declined the oath, and, with the Master of St. Cross, withdrew into obscurity. After about two years Robert Horne, a man bitterly opposed to all that 'armoury of superstition' which filled the churches with images and relics, was made bishop. He had been an exile for his faith—first

at Zürich, then at Frankfurt-on-the-Main—during the Marian troubles, and, being both learned and eloquent, had been made professor of Hebrew and pastor to the English flock there sheltering. As bishop, his hand fell heavily on art; his severe order cleared every statue from its niche in the Cathedral; Chapter House and Cloister were pulled down to avoid repair-expenses, and to turn their leaden roofs into gold. It was Horne's zeal and ability that converted Winchester to that quiet Anglicanism which is still the note of the city. The change was slow, and free from all offensive incident, for Winchester never did or suffered much that was heroic for either faith. And Horne, equally harsh towards either Puritan or Romanist, represented the middle course into which Winchester ultimately sank. The old faith lingered long, as we find in 1584, when Bishop Cooper declared that the diocese was overrun with 'obstinate recusants, lusty men,' who ought to be deported into Flanders 'as pioneers and labourers,' so as to purge his diocese from Romanism. It was an early commendation of compulsory emigration, as a means of getting rid of people religiously or socially inconvenient. In the end, the reformed ritual was acquiesced in everywhere, and presently the city was as unwilling to receive the Puritans as it now was to abandon the Romanists.

Early in King James's reign the city saw a strange travesty of justice which might well have led her to question the wisdom of her 'Solomon.' The court had come down in November, 1603, feeling or feigning insecurity in London, where rumours of plots were rife: the king was also not a little afraid of the plague.

Hither were brought, amidst the jeers and jests of the citizens, the gentlemen supposed to be implicated in the so-called 'Main' and 'Bye' plots. There were eleven of them, headed by Brooke, Cobham, and Grey of Wilton, and a far greater man, Sir Walter Raleigh. The hall at Wolvesey was fitted up as a court-house; and the warden and fellows turned out of their lodgings to make room for judges, sergeants, and officials. King and court, poor Lady Arabella Stewart among them in a kind of veiled captivity, lodged all through the trials in the Castle by the West gate, and passed the wintry time as best they could, amusing their dull leisure with all manner of romping games. We are not told that 'Solomon' himself took part in 'Rise, pig, and go,' or 'Fire,' or 'Give me a course in your park'; whether he did or not, the contrasts are strongly marked. We see it, when we compare the noble stateliness of Elizabeth with the slovenly pedantry of the Scottish king, and when we watch the tragic mockeries of the court sitting in judgment at Wolvesey on one of the foremost of Englishmen. For the whole thing was a 'riddle of state,' as it was called: there was some foundation for it in the discontents of the time, which were used by Cecil as the basis of a government-plot to get rid of dangerous persons, who might shake the still unsettled throne of Queen Mary's son. Like all such scandalous affairs, the trial was accompanied with violence (as is seen in the conduct of Attorney-General Coke), with falsehood and bitterness on the part of Cecil, with charges unproved, forged for the occasion to damage the reputation of the guiltless, with a timid jury, and a commission selected from among the enemies of the

accused. One result of this open display of partisanship was a complete change in the minds of the Winchester folk. When Raleigh first came down, the city, in full swing of admiration for the new king, had even pelted him with tobacco-pipes; when the trial had run its course, the citizens, who after all may have had some love of fair play, turned round and showed by signs unmistakable that their sympathies had passed from the monarch to his victims. The two 'plots' had a foundation in the restlessness of the Romish priests, and in the ambition of certain statesmen; they also gave James the means of ridding himself of men who had alarmed his suspicious nature. Therefore Cobham was to be entangled in some 'course of the Spanish way,' and Raleigh was to be implicated in it; this was entitled 'Raleigh's Plot' or the 'Main.' Side by side with it, and with more foundation in fact, was a scheme for the seizure of the king, the restoration of the Catholics, and possibly for the elevation of Arabella Stewart to the throne; this conspiracy was called sometimes 'the Surprising Treason,' and sometimes the 'Bye' Plot. The full truth as to these two kindred conspiracies will probably never be known. Cecil carefully mixed them up together, and the accused had little chance of disentangling the web: it was woven to catch them, and they were caught in it. Brooke was charged with being leader of the 'Bye,' condemned to death, and executed in the Castle yard: while Cobham, Markham, Grey, and Raleigh were tried in the Castle as to the 'Main' plot, and, after a parody of justice, also condemned as traitors.

Whether King James hoped to frighten his victims

into some evidence as to this supposed plot, or whether he felt remorse for men condemned on such evidence, or whether he recognized the change of opinion and was afraid of alienating the public mind still further, we know not; we only know that he planned and carried out at Winchester Castle an extraordinary comedy in the face of all the people. We have a letter from Sir Dudley Carleton describing the whole scene. Sir Griffin Markham, and the Lords Cobham and Grey, were ordered for execution on a Friday, and Raleigh on the following Monday; and Sir Walter was placed at a window from which he could see the show. Markham came first, and after some complaints, a farewell to his friends, and a few last prayers, was about to lay his neck on the block, when a Scottish groom of the bedchamber hurried up, and stayed the execution at the king's command. Markham was removed and again locked up in the great hall. 'The Lord Grey, whose turn was next, was led to the scaffold by a troop of young courtiers, on both sides supported by two of his best friends; and coming in such equipage had such gaiety and cheer in his countenance, that he seemed a dapper young bridegroom.' One is reminded of the bravery of young Cinq Mars at Lyons, though with him all ended tragically enough, for Richelieu was not like James. He too went through the last solemnities; and again at the critical moment a respite came through the sheriff, who 'informed his lordship that it was the king's desire he should step aside for an hour into the same hall where Markham was shut up, and give precedence to Cobham.' And now Cobham was brought on the stage 'with

good assurance,' so that all men were amazed. He made a last lying attack on Raleigh, repeating his gross slanders; and it is not improbable that he knew the whole thing was a farce, and by this fresh infamy was paying the price for his own release. For after he had briefly bade the world adieu, and was fumbling at his doublet, the sheriff bade him stay awhile, for that something else was yet to be done. Then after a pause Grey and Markham were brought out again, and stood on the scaffold, 'looking strange upon one another, like men beheaded and met again in the next world.' The sheriff then told them the king had granted them their lives; and Dudley ends that 'there was no need to beg a *plaudite* of the audience, for it was given with such hues and cries, that it went from the Castle into the town, and there began afresh.' The king, though this burlesque had elicited no fresh evidence, drew from it a pleasure well fitted to his character. He harangued his courtiers with his usual affected learning, 'travelling in contrarieties, yet holding the conclusion in so indifferent a balance, that the lords knew not what to look for till the end came out, "And therefore I have saved them all."' 'The miracle,' adds the writer, 'was as great there as with us in Winchester, and it took like effect; for the applause that began about the king went from thence into the presence-chamber, and so round about the court.' The failure to extort any evidence against Raleigh made it impossible to execute him; and so after Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, a mere courtier like the rest, had made a last scandalous attempt to entangle him in a dying confession, he was included in the remand with the

other three, and sent with them to the Tower. We have an exquisite letter of Raleigh's, written at this time to his wife, with the last words of a noble spirit nobly given in it, and a beautiful little poem, 'The Pilgrimage,' which is also attributed to the period of his sojourn in Winchester:

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet
My bottle of salvation.
My gown of glory (hope's true gage!)
And thus I'll take my Pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer—
No other balm will here be given—
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven.
Over all the silver mountains,
Where do spring those nectar fountains.

And I there will sweetly kiss
The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,
Drinking mine eternal fill,
Flowing on each milky hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will thirst no more.

During these reigns the city was much impoverished —'a body without a soul'—'a city that had almost as many parishes as souls,' as Taylor, the Water Poet, says of it. There is extant a petition of the Winchester Clothworkers in 1622, describing the sore distress into which they had fallen; and also another,

after the civil war, begging for help to repair the canal to Southampton, and so to revive their perishing trade; for so long as Winchester could treat Southampton as its port, and subordinate the harbour to the capital, so long would there be a hope of commercial prosperity for the city. It does not appear that any result followed; the cloth trade never revived, and throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Winchester stood still, while other and more favoured centres of manufacture or commerce passed her, and swelled out into great cities, full of life.

The remainder of the history of Winchester can be briefly told; it attracts a little attention at one or two important points of history; otherwise, in annals or in influence, the ancient city is voiceless.

Under King Charles, though one great and saintly bishop held the see—'Doctor Andrewes in the schools, Bishop Andrewes in the diocese, and Saint Andrewes in the closet'—the connexion between the bishops and the city became very much less than it had been of old. Successive prelates lived either at Farnham or at Winchester House in Southwark; Wolvesey had fallen into decay, and seems to have been scarce habitable.

Bishop Curle was not unfamiliar with Winchester; he furthered the reforming views of Archbishop Laud, whose zeal for the efficiency of the English Church in matters of detail is well known. In the College the Archbishop had discerned a certain laxity of attention to the Anglican services; his injunctions command a stricter attendance of scholars and teachers at morning and evening prayer, and forbid all attempt to

cut the services down in any way. He also amended and made more definite the Cathedral statutes of Henry VIII., enforcing the duties of all members of the corporate body in the matter of services, seeing to the fabric, arranging for the care of a library, enjoining strict residence, allotting due seats in Cathedral, charging against barking dogs or squealing boys or idle strollers in the church, insisting on more care of sermons and preaching. It was in immediate connection with this series of statutable injunctions that Bishop Curle put an end to the ancient custom of making the western part of the nave a thoroughfare between the north and south sides of the city. He blocked up the door in the south aisle, and dug a passage through the great buttress which hitherto had closed the way. Henceforth, as the quaint inscriptions on the walls, dated 1632, have it, the 'viator' was to walk outside, only the 'precator' to turn in by the west door of the church. The result of his zeal was that when Laud's visitation took place in 1635 we find Winchester reckoned among the well-ordered sees. It will be seen that these reforms deal only with points of order and internal discipline, as if these could strengthen the fabric of the Church for resistance against the overwhelming movement of the day; they infused no new life or power. When after a few years the supreme struggle came, these reforms were found to have tended to make the Church more stiff and unbending, until under pressure of Puritanism the whole fabric came to the ground.

It is interesting to notice that, though both city and Close were loyalist to the backbone, the ill-starred

ship-money brought them into collision with one another. Their dispute was not whether it should be paid at all by them, but whether the incidence of it had been fairly divided, and whether or no the city was endeavouring to encroach on the rights and liberties of the Church. The petition of the capitular body shows how jealous they were, and how naturally reluctant to pay the tax twice over. The Chapter humbly appealed to the king in council, who made them a gracious reply, ordering the mayor to repay all money levied wrongfully on the Cathedral body; saying, on the other hand, that the 20*l.* paid by the Dean and Chapter for ship-money to the sheriff should be 'taken off from the Citty.' As the city seemed inclined to encroach on the Chapter, an order is given that 'Mr. Attorney Generall be required to take care that the Charter for the said Citty shall not be renewed, till the Charter for the said Church be passed the Great Seale.'

In the five years which passed between this incident and the outbreak of the Great Rebellion, Hampshire and Winchester were quiet, and, though the leading families were much divided, the country districts mostly went with the king. In the towns the Parliamentary candidates were the stronger; and even in Winchester parties were fairly balanced. There the city returned one from either side to the Parliament of 1642: the members being Cromwell's close friend, the well-known John Lisle, husband of the Alice Lisle who long after fell a victim to a cruel law; and Sir William, afterwards Lord Ogle, a staunch Royalist.

No sooner had the civil war broken out than Winchester became involved in it. It has been remarked

with truth that the line of cleavage between King and Parliament might well be represented by a line drawn due north and south through Oxford; all the important places on or near such a line were certain to see a good deal of the struggle. Now Hampshire, lying as it does on this line, was of the highest importance to both parties, because through that county access was to be had to the southern harbours at Portsmouth and Southampton; it was therefore only natural that from the outset much of the interest of the war should centre at Winchester and the district around. In 1642 Portsmouth fell into the hands of the Parliament's men; and Winchester and Basing, lying on the line of best communication, directly became points to be attacked; for they blocked the way to London. So, towards the end of that year, Lord Grandison, having failed in the west, withdrew into Winchester as 'a place,' in the words of the chronicler of the other side, 'more like to give him kind entertainment, being full of malignant spirits, who indeed were not a little glad of his coming.' Thither he was followed by Sir William Waller, and, after a sharp tussle outside the walls, the Parliamentary force got into Winchester with the retreating Royalists: the town was helpless, and after a short siege the Castle also yielded. This was the first serious mishap that befell the king. Waller 'assessed the townesmen and inhabitants for their base Malignancy in so desperately opposing them at 1,000*l.*, or else to plunder the whole towne.' The town indeed ransomed itself; but the troops seem to have done much as they would with the houses of 'the Papists and the sweet Cathedralists,'

whence they carried off and burnt books, ornaments, and pictures. They also entered the Cathedral. The cavalier writer, whose account is very highly coloured, and not hampered by any regard for accuracy, tells us how they forced their way in, breaking open the great west doors, and so poured through, 'invading God Himselfe as well as His profession . . . with colours flying, their drums beating, their matches fixed, and . . . some of their troops of horse also accompanied them in their march, and rode up through the body of the church and the chancel, till they came to the altar.' Here they swept away all ornaments; they pulled down the ancient carved-work above the stalls, which represented scenes from the Old and New Testament, and also destroyed the organ. The 'Mercury' goes on to say that they ruined the chantries, 'and brake in pieces Queen Mary's chair, in which she had sat at her marriage with Philip of Spain'; as, however, the chantries with their effigies remain unspoiled, and the chair is still in the Cathedral, we must make allowances for the heat of partisanship. It must be remembered, too, that all the damage ever done here or elsewhere is always set down to the Puritans, and specially to Cromwell, who, in the case of Winchester, was not even present. The truth is that Thomas Cromwell, over a century before, and Bishop Horne, under Queen Elizabeth, had already swept away all the statues and objects of worship, and that the Puritans on the whole did remarkably little mischief. After their visitation on the 'sweet Cathedralists,' we hear that 'the troopers ride through the streets in surplesses with such hoods and tippets as they found, and that they might

boast to the world how glorious a victory they had atchieved, they hold out their trophies to all spectators; for the troopers, thus clad in the priests' vestments, rode carrying Common Prayer-books in one hand and some broken organ-pipes, together with the mangled pieces of carved work, but now mentioned, containing some histories of both Testaments, in the other.' It is good to remember that at this time Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, who had been educated at the College, and was an officer in the Parliamentary army, stood at the doorway of Wykeham's Chantry and saved it from damage. His influence probably accounts for the fact that comparatively little damage was done in the Cathedral, and none at the College. In one respect great, and indeed irreparable, harm was done; twice over the soldiers went through the library, and scattered the records preserved there. John Vicars tells us that 'they break up the Muniment House and take away the Common Seale of the Church, supposing it to be silver . . . . they teare the evidences of their lands, and cancell their Charter'; and the zealous chapter-clerk, John Chase, by whose endeavours the ruined library was afterwards restored to order, and many of the documents recovered, gives the date of the spoiling of the muniment room, and of the taking away of 'divers writings,' as December 14, 1642. Many of the books were carried off, and presented by Nicolas Love to the College Library, where they still repose; and some of the most valuable of the Cathedral manuscripts can be traced to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where they have fortunately found a safe home. The most interesting of all the treasures lost at this time is the Benedic-

tionary of St. Æthelwold, now in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

The first occupation of Winchester lasted but a short time. When Waller marched thence to Sussex, the city remained quiet, and on his return westward from Chichester to Salisbury he levied a heavy contribution from it. After this the Royalist hopes grew strong in the south; by October 1643, Winchester, now entirely for the king, was much strengthened in its defences, both at the Castle to the west, and on St. Giles's Hill to the eastward. At this time also the corporation plate, to the value of 58*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*, was handed over to 'Mr. Jasper Cornelius, appoynted to receive the same for His Majestie's use . . . for the maintenance of the army'; and in a memorial after the Restoration, the mayor and corporation state that not only had the city been much plundered by the Parliament party, who had levied from it fourteen hundred pounds and more, but also it had, 'to expresse our affection to his Majestie, lent him a thousand Pounds, and voluntarilie sent him to Oxford all our plate, amounting to three hundred Pounds more,' so that the place was very much impoverished and ruined. It was not till towards the end of 1644 that Waller felt himself strong enough again to march down from the neighbourhood of Farnham towards Winchester. By a skilful manœuvre he surprised Lord Crawford at Alton, and captured well-nigh all his force, a success which once more gave heart to the Parliament's troops; and at last, in March 1644, Waller began to threaten the Royalist city. The king's troops came out some miles to meet him, and a sharp engagement took place at Cheriton, not far from

Alresford, which ended in the complete rout of the Royal army. It was the turning point of the war in the south. The defeat was complete; fugitives from the battle-field came streaming into Winchester, crying aloud with lamentable voice, 'The kingdom's lost! the kingdom's lost!' As Clarendon says, 'This battle was fought on the 29th day of March; which was a very doleful entring into the beginning of the year 1644, and broke all the measures, and alter'd the whole scheme of the King's Counsels.' He had meant to take the offensive about Easter, but now 'discerned he was wholly to be on the defensive, and that was like to be a very hard part too.' The Royalists fell back partly on Winchester, partly to Basing House, and thence further to Oxford. Waller also at first only passed through Winchester, leaving the Castle in the king's hands; directly his back was turned, the citizens flew to arms, and with help from Lord Hopton's garrison, disarmed the force of a hundred men, whom Waller had left in the town. But the Parliament's general soon returned, and blew open one of the city gates: entering in, and taking both arms and prisoners, he summarily chastised the city, though he was obliged, through stress of other work about Basing, to leave the Castle still to the Royalists. It was not till September that the success of the Parliament's arms elsewhere enabled them to send Oliver Cromwell to reduce the stubborn place. He took with him three regiments of foot and two thousand horse; and appearing on the open downs west of the city, encamped hard by an ancient entrenchment, now known by the name of 'Oliver's Battery,' where Hopton had already made an earth-work. It is

a little over a mile from the west gate, towards which the ground falls gently along a spur of chalk land till you reach the city walls. The operations which ensued are best given in Cromwell's own words, from his despatch to Fairfax; it is a model of clearness and simplicity.

Winchester, October 6, 1645.

Sir,—I came to Winchester on the Lord's Day, September 28, with Colonel Pickering commanding his own, Colonel Montague's, and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments. After some dispute with the governor, we entered the town. I summoned the Castle; was denied; whereupon we fell to prepare batteries, which we could not perfect (some of our guns being out of order) until Friday following. Our battery was six guns, which being finished (after firing one round) I sent in a second summons for a treaty, which they refused. Whereupon we went on with our works, and made a breach in the wall near the Black Tower, which, after about two hundred shot, we thought stormable; and purposed on Monday morning to attempt it. On Sunday night, about ten of the clock, the governor beat a parley, desiring to treat. I agreed with it; and sent Colonel Hammond and Major Harrison in to him, who agreed upon these enclosed articles.

It was a 'great mercy' indeed—

for [as the letter continues] the Castle was well manned with six hundred and eighty horse and foot, there being near two hundred gentlemen, officers, and their servants; well victualled with fifteen hundredweight of cheese, very great store of wheat and beer, near twenty barrels of powder, seven pieces of cannon; the works were exceeding good and strong. It's very likely it would have cost much blood to have gained it by storm. We have not lost twelve

men; this is repeated to you that God may have all the praise, for it's all His due.

Leaving sufficient force in Winchester Castle, Cromwell at once set himself to reduce Basing House, which had hitherto withstood every attack; after a heroic resistance it fell, and the southern road was open at last.

Winchester Castle was given to 'William the Conqueror,' as his friends styled Sir William Waller, and presently was sold in two portions—the great hall was to be made into a public or county hall, while the rest passed into the hands of the civic corporation, who gave him in 1656 two hundred and three-score pounds for it. The fortifications were at once destroyed, large portions of wall and towers blown up, and all power of future resistance done away. The Palace of Wolvesey was also made harmless; so that from being, as Leland styles it, 'a castelle or palace well-towered,' it became a ruin, and remained useless till Bishop Morley built his new house there in 1684. Little damage was done to either Cathedral or College; the bishops and cardinal lie unmutilated in their chantries, and at the College the Virgin and Child still look down on the passers by.

The loyal city had a sad time when, in December 1648, after his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight, Charles I. was brought under close guard to Winchester, on his way to London. Hopeless as was his cause, the mayor, chief men, and aldermen received him with dutiful respect, they presented him with the keys of the city, and proceeded to make a warm address of encouragement and condolence, till they were checked

by the officer in command, and had to betake them to humble apologies.

After this last sight of her beloved king, Winchester was fain to acquiesce in the distasteful necessities of the time. The Cathedral and houses in the Close fell into decay; but when a committee of the Parliament, in 1653, considered the state of the cathedrals, and Winchester was under discussion, the citizens plucked up courage, and by the hand of Cornelius Hooker, then warden of Winchester, sent up a humble petition against the rumoured intention of 'destroyinge and pullinge doune of Trinitie Church theare scituate, an auncient and most beautifull structure, the most convenient and spatious place of assemblinge for the hearinge of God's word, whear many thousands of soules may be served and satisfied.' Whether through this petition or otherwise, the proposal to destroy the church, if ever seriously intended, was abandoned; and a year later the citizens actually made a general collection among themselves for the reparation of the fabric. The list of subscribers gives us one of the earliest examples of such combined efforts in church building; and it may be added that men's liberality in those days did not extend to actual gift of money—they only advanced it as a loan for a time. 'Itt being generally known that Trinity Churche, neere Winton'—we see again the idea of the 'neighbouring city'—'though it be a very emenent and usefull place for preaching and hearing God's word, yett it doth dayly decay for want of Reparacion, Wee whose names are subscribed to prevent the mischeife that may happen by delay doe willingly contribute by way of advance-mony

for the present towards the reparacion of the said Churche such summes as are subscribed and hereunder mentioned to our severall names'; and then follows the list of names, with the amounts advanced, which came in all to a little over 40*l*., and can hardly have done more than keep the rain out of the roofs.

When the Commonwealth came to an end, and Winchester, after the first transports of joy at the restoration of Charles II., began to count up her losses, it appeared at once that the city was in very sorry plight. Impoverished by exactions on the one side, and by voluntary offerings on the other, with the Castle and many houses of value demolished, Winchester could not face its liabilities, 'soe that the Revenue hereof now remayninge, besides Taxes of the inhabitants, is not sufficient to releeve our Poore, who consist of above 200 famylyes; and the sayd Citie not able to undertake any Manufacture to set them on worke, and here being no Road or thoroughfare, Trading is altogether decayed'; and therefore the mayor, bailiffs, and commonalty beg the leading persons of the county, the bishop, the dean and chapter, the college, 'and all other pious and charitable harts in this Countie,' to help in making a navigation from Winchester to Southampton, and so to give present labour to the poor, and hope of traffic and revived trade in the future. This document is written in the first year of the Restoration, 1660.

Things seem gradually to have grown better as time went on. The return of the dean and canons brought work and money into the city. The Cathedral church had suffered, and had to be strengthened and repaired, though the damage done cannot have been

very serious, otherwise some trace of the labour expended and of the style of the time would have appeared somewhere in the fabric. Similarly, the authorities report in most extreme terms of the mischief done to the houses in the Close; a petition of 1670 states that the houses of the dean and seven prebendaries were 'totally demolished,' the greatest part of two more likewise pulled down, and the three remaining ruinous and out of repair. But the Deanery, bad as its state may have been, still has the ancient walls and roof and flooring; and one at least of the houses is older than the Restoration period. Still, neglect had done its work, and much care and outlay had become necessary; consequently the reign of Charles II. meant for Winchester a period of great activity in building. Three of the canons' houses were certainly rebuilt in the latter half of this century. The work was in the main domestic; for what was done in the church was structural and made no show; it was quickly put into that wholesome state of repair which has characterized it ever since. The king's government aided the chapter with a grant of money towards the outlay.

The Cathedral Close soon underwent transformation; in the spring of 1661 the houses and buildings were ordered to be repaired or rebuilt at the common charge of the chapter, and the work was in the main well done, though not without strange and amusing jealousies and bickerings. The chief funds for this outlay seem to have been provided from the fines due on the capitular estates, now regranted to the chapter by the king. Not only was the appearance of the precincts changed, but the character of the

occupants also. The great hall of the priors' lodgings, hitherto left in its original state, was divided into rooms; a staircase and hall were erected outside it, covering in a paved court behind the ancient arcade of four bays which now forms the imposing porch or vestibule to the house. A long gallery was also built out into the Deanery garden, in order, tradition says, that proper quarters might be provided for Charles II. on his frequent visits to the place. The other houses were also altered or rebuilt, until the whole group of domestic buildings took the form which they have ever since preserved. The result of all this has been that from that time onwards the Close, hitherto for the most part the dwelling-place of celibate canons, became the home of a group of wealthy households; and family life became universal. As these valuable pieces of preferment were in the bishop's gift, we can trace successive knots of kinsfolk, from bishop to bishop—a condition of things which lasted, to the eminent satisfaction of those who shared in it, to within the memory of the present generation. As a higher sense of duty prevailed, a better selection has ruled; men are now appointed rather with an eye to the ever-growing wants of the diocese than to either past service or personal claims.

In these days the chapter was able not only to rebuild the houses, but also to set apart 420*l.* for the construction of a new organ to replace that ancient instrument which had perished in the civil wars. The contract with Thomas Thamer, of the University of Cambridge, in 1665, still exists, and shows that the chapter ordered a 'double organ,' that is, a great and a

choir organ, to be set up over the Holy Sepulchre Chapel, in the place where the organ now stands. We also find that Renatus Harris was engaged on the organ in 1693.

And not only were large works undertaken within the Close in this quarter of a century, but outside in the city much building took place. Thus Bishop Morley, towards the end of his life, not only recast completely the episcopal palace at Wolvesey, which was finished in 1684, but he also, on the north side of the Churchyard, built and endowed his 'College of Matrons,' a home for the widows of the clergy of his dioceses of Winchester and Worcester. This is among the proofs that after the Restoration the position and needs of a married clergy were much more distinctly regarded than they had been before that time. The erection of the King's House was also in full activity between 1680 and 1685.

These works, however, were hardly undertaken till after the town had recovered from the damage inflicted on it by the Great Plague of 1666. The city, which is now among the cleanest and healthiest towns in England, had formerly a very different record. Low lying, undrained, uncared for, it was specially liable to attacks of epidemics. The Black Death in the fourteenth century had been disastrous to it, and successive plagues had from time to time thinned the population: no place appears to have suffered more from these visitations, or to have been slower in learning the lessons they could teach. Many ordinances were passed for cleansing the city, and the aldermen in their original functions had such matters under their special charge. In 1421 the mayor and commonalty issued an edict

against the pollution of the 'Kings Ryver' by the dyers; in 1553 the election of mayor had to be holden in the new mayor's own house, instead of at St. John's House, where it was wont to be, for fear of the spread of infection; and an ordinance of 1577 points directly to the accumulations of filth in the streets as a cause of danger:

> The Lane leadinge through Staple Garden into Bridney Street, by reason of much filth there cast, ys very noyfull to all such as passe that waye, and also dyvers other Stretes and Lanes of the sayd cyty, by castynge of donge, duste, and other filthy thinges, are likewise very filthy and noyfull to all such as shall passe by the same,

and a fine of sixpence is imposed on all who throw dirt out into the streets. Pigsties are forbidden within the walls by an edict of 1584; a scavenger was appointed with much solemnity in 1601, and warders allotted to all the gates, to prevent persons, in time of pestilence, from bringing in infection. The city seems to have been fully awake to the danger, though it could take only very inefficient measures against it. Just before the Great Plague of 1666 there were two orders issued, one for clearing away of dirt and filth, the other to prohibit all public feasting: and a supply of pure water, so far as was then understood, was provided. But the houses were low and unwholesome, badly ventilated, many of them, even in High Street, built with mud walls and still thatched with straw, and the sanitary regulations knew nothing of drainage, while the order against throwing rubbish into the streets only had the effect of leaving it to ferment

and fester within the houses. And so it is not to be wondered at that, in spite of all precautions, the Plague of 1666 seized on the city. There are many traces of its activity visible: the Chapter-books show that the Chapter was panic-stricken; even within their inner enclosure the canons were not safe; the services in church ceased to be choral, and were hastily read by one trembling official; and, not content with the strict watch kept at the city gates, special warders were set at the Close gate, so as to ward off all chance of infection; the prebendaries fled, or lay low in their houses all through the gloomy period. They did not even venture to hold their midsummer chapter in 1666. Whether these selfish provisions saved them we know not: the city certainly suffered severely. There is not an ancient barrow on the downs around for miles but is supposed to be a plague burial spot; the curious old Society of Natives, which was set afoot soon after the visitation in order that the survivors might provide for the children of those citizens who had perished in the plague, to this day carries on its beneficent work of apprenticing boys and girls, with strange traditional usages, of which the picturesqueness atones for the absurdity. There stands too, just outside Westgate, on the rising ground, an obelisk raised in 1759 by the Natives' Society to mark the spot where the citizens did their marketing with the country-folks during the epidemic. A flat stone is built into it, on which, tradition tells us, the countrymen placed their chickens or eggs for sale and withdrew; then the city people came out through the wicket in Westgate, and took away what they would, leaving the price on the stone: then the farmers returned, picked up the

money with tweezers, dropping it into a jar of vinegar, and so home again. It is clear that the countrymen were more afraid of the townsfolk than the townsfolk of them: and with good reason, for the plague had seized firm hold within the walls.

It was not long after the cessation of this trouble that King Charles II. began to frequent the city, to which he grew more and more attached till the close of his life. Sometimes he would lodge at or near Southampton, so as to be handy for the New Forest, and ride, or even, as local tradition tells us, walk over to Winchester; and after he had made up his mind to build, as he did in 1682, he appears to have spent much of his time within the city. The site of the Castle, henceforth to be called the King's House, was conveyed to him by the city in March 1683. 'It was agreed and ordered that his most gracious Majesty shall have all the right, title, and interest, which the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Commonalty have of and in the scite of the demolished Castle, with the lands and all appurtenances belonging to it, to build on as his Majesty shall think fit.' And the sum for which the loyal corporation parted with this site (for which they had given 260*l.* to Waller) was 5*s.*: so clearly did they discern the plentiful advantages which would result to them from the continued presence of royalty among them. The king was not content with the mere site of the Castle, but instructed Sir Christopher Wren, to whom the building was entrusted, to secure the land around it, both with a view to a stately approach to the west door of the Cathedral, and to the making of a large pleasance or park behind the Castle, and on the south side of it, down the slopes which look towards

St. Cross. In the Cathedral archives there still exist two documents bearing on this point, the one signed by Christopher Wren, the other by Rochester, forbidding the dean and chapter to lease or in any way to engage their land towards the south of the town till the king's pleasure is known. The approach to the Cathedral was intended to be very splendid. The centre point of the new building was placed, with a fine entrance to it, exactly in a line with the central doors of the west front, and all houses and gardens intervening were to have been swept away. Then fair terraces were to be laid, with broad and easy flights of steps from time to time, with trees and flowers set on either side, till at last the churchyard was reached, so that on great occasions the king might descend in high state from his palace to the church.

During the building there must often have been a very interesting company of residents in Winchester. At Wolvesey was the aged Bishop Morley; and near the close of his honourable life, and in the present Deanery garden, lived, in a house not long since pulled down, the brave little Thomas Ken, who was at the time a prebendary or canon of the Cathedral. Often sojourning at his house, and pleasantly taking his ease beside the swift little river of pure water which still runs through the garden, was the stout old fisherman Isaac Walton, who died in 1684 at the age of ninety; and backwards and forwards came the king, still full of life and jest, with his strange company behind him. Tradition still points to the spot in the garden at which Ken made his famous stand against 'poor Nelly,' and won the respect of the monarch whose wishes he did

not fear to withstand. Death scattered all this group: Walton and Morley died in 1684, and the king in 1685, while in that same year Ken was promoted to the bishopric of Bath and Wells. The 'King's House' was suddenly arrested in its growth, and has remained unfinished from that day. The citizens had great hopes that Queen Anne with her Danish spouse would complete the work, and it is said that an estimate of the cost of it was laid before her; but though she liked the spot, the exigencies of the time, her heavy wars, and the death of her husband, Prince George, frustrated the hopes of the citizens. Finally the King's House, centre and two wings, after having served in the Seven Years' War as a prison for the French captives, who were sent over in large numbers, and then having been used as a place of refuge and shelter for the refugees, who swarmed over into southern England in crowds in the days of the French Revolution, was at last transformed into a barrack and a military depôt.

After the battle of Sedgemoor, in which Peter Mews, the soldier-bishop, who was never seen in Winchester, took part in the strife on the king's side, by giving up his carriage horses to drag the guns into position, Winchester became the scene of one more sad tragedy. Two of the fugitives from the battle fled for protection to the house of Alice Lisle, widow of John Lisle, formerly member of Parliament for the city, and one of the regicides; she was living quietly near Ringwood, an aged lady of good and kindly disposition, who had done her best to mitigate the evils of past time, and had been known to shelter and assist many cavaliers in their day of distress. The same kindness

which she had shown formerly to the royalist officers, she now extended also to the two poor partisans of Monmouth. Unhappily they were found the next morning hidden in the buildings of Moyle Court, by soldiers sent in pursuit, and with the good old lady were carried off as prisoners to Winchester. There she fell into the red hands of Jeffreys, who browbeat the jury, after conducting the trial in his own way, until they very reluctantly brought in a verdict of 'Guilty' against her. Jeffreys next day passed sentence on her, ordering that she should be burnt alive that very afternoon; and though he listened so far to remonstrances that he deferred the execution for five days, he only substituted beheading for burning. The ancient lady suffered her death with great courage and nobility of bearing in the market-place of the city. It was the saddest and most revolting incident of all the horrors which crowded the Bloody Assize.

One incident alone seems to call for notice at Winchester for some time after this tragedy. Bishop Trelawney, translated hither by Queen Anne in 1707, was one of the famous Seven Bishops who petitioned under James II. against the Declaration of Indulgence, and was sent to the Tower with his companions, till their acquittal. In this bold resistance the bishops were moved first by their fear of Romanism, and next by their dread of any kind of toleration; it was to their minds essential that the supremacy and privilege of the established Church should be defended at all hazards. And so, years after Trelawney came to Wolvesey, we find that his spirit was greatly disturbed by the audacity of the Romanists in the city, who boldly attended

the worship of their church, and had even shown themselves openly in the persons of their priests. The bishop therefore called on the mayor to put in force the severe laws against the Romanists.

We have a full account of it all in Bishop Trelawney's letter to Archbishop Wake, dated April 28, 1720:

Being informed [he says] that Mass was sayd in the City and some Priests were very busy and too successful in their perversions, I ordered my Register to acquaint my Clergy to be on their guard, and to desire the Mayor to observe the frequenters of it, and to tender the Oaths to all suspected persons. But he, being unwilling to dislodge so many popish familys, who by residing here were of greate advantage to the City, declin'd it, and after several messages, plainly told my Register I might, if I pleas'd, appoint two men to watch the doors. On this I wrote him a letter from Farnham Castle of my resolutions, with a menace, if he stil declin'd to put the laws in execution against such open violators of them; but fearing stil some neglect or evasion, I came hither [to Wolvesey] the beginning of last weeke myself, and having renew'd my application in person brought him to promise that unlesse the chiefe gentlemen among them would engage that there should be no appointed place for Mass, the priests should be gone, no farther attempt made on my people, and a stop put to the growth of a Seminary which was gathering in the neighbourhood [probably Seager's at Twyford] I would complain of him and them to the Council and parl[mt]. . . . And indeed it was high time to bestir myself, the two priests, Lane and Moor, having perverted several, and among them, it is reported, one of no mean quality. One of them had the impudence to goe from his own house in his habit, cross the street to the Mass-house, to confesse

and give the Viaticum to two fellows hanged lately for robbing on the way, but in the livery of a footman, and two popish midwives christen the children of the women they deliver. I am now plying the Sessions for their authority, and when I have known what relyance I can have on it, shal direct the vigilance and sermons of my clergy here, as I think proper on this occasion.—Jonathan Winchester.

The bishop's zeal and threats, and the severity of the intolerant laws, made the poor mayor's resistance vain; and for some time we hear little more of the activity of the recusants.

In Church matters the eighteenth century saw the curious phenomenon of a high-Tory clergy ruled over by bishops appointed by the Crown because of their Whig or Latitudinarian principles: the deprivation of the Non-juring bishops gave the court several sees to fill up, and advantage was taken of this, and of casual vacancies, to change the whole tone of the episcopate. Winchester naturally felt this movement: after sturdy Trelawney in 1721 came kindly Bishop Trimnell, of the 'terrible Whig sermons,' a learned and religious prelate. Then followed in 1723 quiet Bishop Willis, the strong opponent of Atterbury and the Tories, the first bishop who preached before the new Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge; after him in 1734 there was a more distinguished bishop, Benjamin Hoadley, a vigorous pamphleteer, and the practical cause of the suspension of Convocation. Let it be remembered in his favour that he refused to put in exercise the laws for game-preserving in Waltham Chase, saying that the ravages and mischief done by the Black Gang were

due to the temptation, and that he was not prepared to continue the evil. The bishops who followed him, appointed by George III., though of a different colour, Thomas in 1761, North in 1781, and Pretyman-Tomline in 1820, did little to raise the tone of the diocese: it was not till a good administrator, a man of true worth and purity of character, Bishop Sumner, came to the see in 1827, that things went better. For that liberal and high-minded prelate may be regarded as the earliest type of the modern active bishop; it is largely due to him, and to the recognition by him of the worth of Samuel Wilberforce, who afterwards was his successor in the see, that the Church of England has been touched with the new life and energy which mark it at the present day. These bishops however had little to do with Winchester itself; they administered the diocese from Farnham Castle, leaving Wolvesey to stand empty, and eventually to be the Training College for School-masters.

By the Cathedrals Act of 1840 the cathedral body was very greatly diminished; the Prebendaries, who had been twelve in number since the year 1541, were to fall in number, as vacancies occurred, till there were only five of them left; and the minor canons were also reduced from six to four. The name of Canon, though it occurs in the original statutes of Henry VIII. granted in 1544, does not seem to have met with so much favour as that of Prebendary. Until after the Act of 1840 either name was used to designate the twelve members of the Chapter, that of Prebendary being the more usual; now the title of Canon alone appears to

be recognised, both in official documents and in common parlance.

The city was specially loyal towards Queen Anne and her dull husband, Prince George of Denmark. They were much tempted to make Winchester their south-country residence; but the anxieties and expenses of the great wars hindered; and though the city built their new Guildhall, with a statue of the queen, 'Anno pacifico Anna Regina 1713,' to commemorate the close of the long series of wars with Louis XIV. and the signature of the Peace of Utrecht, the queen never had time to take any steps for the completion of the King's House before her death.

It was soon after the Hanoverian succession began that the county of Hampshire decided on the foundation of a hospital in the City. As early as 1737 we find this beneficent institution in full work, with fifty patients in the wards. It attracted no little attention as a very early attempt of the kind, being as early as any, except those in London. It was at first placed under the care of one of the prebendaries in Colebrook Street, and proved very useful: hopes were even expressed that through its agency Winchester would become the main clinical school for the south of England. The building of infirmaries at Oxford and Cambridge, and the greater variety and size of the London hospitals, soon proved that these hopes could not be realised. The county hospital has shifted its quarters twice; from Colebrook Street to Parchment Street, and thence to a commanding site above the town, and has done its good work thoroughly well,

although it has never become the great medical school for southern England.

Throughout the eighteenth century Winchester was a kindly host to foreigners in trouble. The King's House, standing vacant, was a convenient place of refuge and shelter, and was also used by the Government as a prison. Not a few Huguenot refugees settled in the town: one of them, thrown up by the after-wave of the persecutions of Louis XIV., lies buried in the Cathedral. This was a gentleman of a well-known southern name, Joseph de Serres, a native of Montauban. After seven and twenty years in the galleys at Marseilles for his faith he was set free by the intervention of Queen Anne in the days of the Peace of Utrecht, and, mindful of her goodness in the matter, turned his steps—his own home having been long broken up by his cruel slavery—towards England, and settled in this city. Here he lived in tranquil freedom to a good old age, and died in 1754. The Seven Years' War filled Winchester with Frenchmen of a very different class; a considerable number of officers and men, to the extent, as is said, of five thousand, were lodged in the King's House. Hessian mercenaries were brought over, and seven thousand of them encamped on the downs above the city. Winchester was then seen to be a proper military centre, lying as it does between London and the great seaports and arsenals of the south of England. From that time onwards the military settlement, at first temporary and occasional, in later years permanent, with the King's House as a barrack and depôt, has formed a large element in the life of the city.

From the close of the Seven Years' War, when the prisoners were set free, we have no trace of a foreign element in the city, till in the Reign of Terror a new class of refugees made their appearance. There had been Huguenots, court soldiers, and peasant soldiers; now there came priests. As many as eight or nine hundred of them, sometimes even more, were lodged in the King's House, and formed a very characteristic element in the society of the city. They were received very kindly, and the citizens, as well as the authorities, did their best for their support. We find notice of their educated interests in the publication in 1796 at Oxford, at cost of the University, of an edition of the Vulgate New Testament 'in usum cleri Gallicani in Anglia exulantis,' edited 'by the care and zeal of some of the said Clergy now sojourning at Winchester'; and we have a record on the walls of their chapel in Winchester of their gratitude when, at the end of their four years of exile, the English Government, deeming it necessary to place a large force in garrison in the King's House, transferred the exiles to other spots. Some Benedictine nuns were also driven over to Winchester by stress of the same revolutionary tempest, and remained there in peace till 1859.

Just before this time a considerable, and in some respects an unhappy, activity possessed the civic authorities. The city was new paved; a market-house built to shelter the countryfolk, who before had choked up the gangway of the Pent House on Wednesdays and Saturdays; and in the course of their improvements the commissioners actually sold the ancient Butter Cross, which would have been removed, as Carfax was

about this period from Oxford, had not the anger of the citizens saved the venerable structure. Many ancient and venerable ruins and buildings, regarded then as relics of the contemned Gothic taste, and 'very much out of repair,' were ruthlessly swept away. The singularly interesting remains of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen on Morne Hill were destroyed in 1778, because they served, it was said, as a harbourage for beggars and tramps; much of the fine late-Norman work at Wolvesey, and probably with it many a relic of Roman masonry, were carried off for the mending of the highways; and, worst of all, the last of the splendid buildings of Hyde Abbey, all that had been left in the sixteenth century, was now pulled down, and the stones used as materials for a new Bridewell, built on the site. Then it was that the last clue to the resting-place of Alfred finally disappeared: a stone carven with his name 'Ælfred Rex DCCCLXXXI,' was sold for a trifle to a passing visitor, and has been carried off to the other end of the kingdom, where it is still to be seen in the walls of Corby Castle. These and like things were done without any opposition, nor was any voice raised when it was determined to pull down three of the five gates which guarded its approaches, and are to be seen on the escutcheon of the city. Northgate and Southgate came down in 1781, the Eastgate ten years later. The two remaining gates were saved, Westgate because the owners of the houses abutting on it to north and south were alarmed for their safety, and thought that if the gate came down they might have to rebuild their dwellings; and Kingsgate, because it carries on its back the little church of St. Swithun.

Through the Westgate, which is on the site of the primæval Roman gateway, and has been standing as it is since the days of Henry III., the Winchester king, a grand view of the High Street of the city can be had. The ancient irregular street falls rapidly, till the eye is caught by the projecting clock of the old Guildhall, and from beneath it are seen the Butter Cross and the beginning of the Pent House; beyond again the tower of the new Guildhall rises above the roofs, and all is backed up by the steep front of St. Giles's Hill, of late disfigured and dwarfed with new houses, and by a great scar caused by a new railway station. If from the West Hill we make our way thither, there is unfolded before us a scene of still greater variety and beauty. Under our feet lie the red roofs of the quaint old houses in the Soke, with the towers of St. John and St. Peter's in the Chisol; and beyond is the massive Cathedral, looking its best from this point; for here the stately choir with the beautiful flying buttresses can be made out, while the great and disproportionate length of the nave is so much foreshortened, that it does not seem to dwarf the low Norman tower. Round it are grouped the houses of the Close, encircled with fine trees, rising out of well-kept lawns; and hard by stand the ruins of the Bishop's Castle of Wolvesey, still imposing, and surrounded with their own grounds; and then comes Wykeham's College, with its graceful tower, and the beautiful meads, the scholars' playing-fields, beyond. Beside all these, lesser buildings diversify the scene: there is the pretentious modern Guildhall with its clock tower, ornamental street front, and common brick hinder-parts,

'Strassengel, Hausteuffel,' and the old Guildhall, now turned into a shop, with the turret over it from which the curfew bell has so long been rung at eight of the clock at night. Built hard by the river is the Coitebury Mill, with its singular roof-ridge, and not far from it the two Hospitals of St. John, quiet resting-places for old age; then the new College of Matrons in the Cathedral yard, and the low almshouses of rich old brick, founded by Peter Symonds and built in the year 1607, with their six old Bedesmen, one matron, and four charity boys in quaint dress handed down unchanged from the founder's time.

On the western hillside we can discern the ancient gables of the Law Courts, and King Henry III.'s great hall beyond; and hard by the broad monotonous frontage of Wren's red-brick Palace for Charles II., the King's House. Beyond again, newer structures rise, a gaol, a hospital, a modern school, a Training College for students, and pleasant houses standing in fair gardens on the sunny slopes. With all these varied elements within her borders, Winchester fills up from hill to hill the valley through which her bright river courses swiftly towards the sea. A little farther down, on the water's side, the venerable tower and grey buildings of St. Cross peer forth from among stately elms; while to the left again the slopes of St. Catherine's Hill, with its well-defined grass-grown ditch and rampart, stand forward into the valley as if to protect the city from the south. On the other side rise high downs towards the west, and on the horizon, clear against the setting sun, can be seen the clumps of trees which mark where Cromwell overlooked the town and placed

his men; among our modern memories that of 'Oliver's Battery,' as the down is named, is one of the most stirring. Such is the outlook over Winchester from St. Giles's Hill, a varied scene which can never fail to please and interest. Cleanly, well-ordered, and wholesome, the ancient city has slowly and sedately adapted itself to modern customs: it seems quite according to the due order of things that, though gas is found in every shop, the streets should still be lighted, if the word may be used, with oil lamps. While other centres have leapt forward with feverish speed, and in so doing have trodden out all relics of their ancient state, Winchester, lying out of the main streams of English industry and life, has almost stood still. Half a century ago she had probably fewer inhabitants than were within the walls when the Winton Domesday book was compiled under Henry I. Not London only, her ancient rival, but many a town which then had no name nor place, now boasts a tenfold population, and an energy a thousandfold as strong. Yet Winchester is not like the old German cities, which cherish only the ruins of a fame and a prosperity long dead and lost; for with her ancient glories she preserves a modest and tranquil prosperity, and is content to be of those who are 'happy because they have no history.'

To have been the capital of Wessex, to have welcomed in her early days the arrival of every prince and prelate of great name, for a while to have been the chief city of England, the home of the great Alfred, the refuge of letters, the mother of English public-school life—these are the titles on which the city rests her high renown, and these the memories amidst which

she lives. Her ancient buildings, her many customs and usages of the past, her tranquil beauty and pleasant neighbourhood, give to the venerable city a right to the undying affection of all whose lot has fallen to them in such pleasant places. It is not in death, but in the beautiful tranquillity of serene old age, that Winchester reposes in her sweet green valley low down amidst the swelling hills that compass her about. No English city has a nobler record in the past, or a life more peaceful in our rushing hasteful age. There it is still given, to those who have the wisdom to know it, to dwell in peace; and there, let us hope, it may still be said with truth that 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

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